

CURRENT ANECDOTES

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SEED THOUGHTS FOR SERMONS.

By A. T. PIERSON, D. D.

THE CORONATION SERVICE.

Rev. 4:2, 9-11; Rev. 3:21; Psa. 2. (67)

The Coronation Service is a very elaborate symbolic ceremony, the most prominent parts being the following:—His Majesty the King is anointed on the shoulders, head and breast. Four swords are presented to him—two being the swords of Mercy, one the sword of Justice, and the fourth the sword of State. The King then receives two Golden Spurs, the Royal Sceptre with the Cross, the Ivory Rod with the Dove, and also a gold and jewelled Ring. He is then invested with the Royal Robe of cloth of gold. The Golden Orb of Empire is then placed in his right hand. He is then solemnly crowned with a magnificent golden and bejewelled Crown. Her Majesty the Queen is then anointed and crowned. After this their Majesties kneel before the Sacred Table, and receive the Holy Communion. The Holy Bible having been presented to them, the final ceremony is the ascent of the Thrones, when all present do homage to their Majesties.

One of the most impressive parts of the Coronation Service of Victoria was the ceremony of surrounding her Majesty with the peers of the realm, each of whom with his right hand touched her crown, as though to signify that they were the support of her government and authority—she being but the first among her peers. But the most striking incident was in connection with the last of the Coronation festivities, which was the performance of Handel's Messiah. When the Hallelujah chorus was sung, as usual the whole audience rose. For a few moments Queen Victoria, having been advised by her court ladies that for her to rise would be improper and undignified, kept her seat, but when the grand finale was reached—"King of Kings and Lord of Lords," she threw off court manners and, rising, she meekly bowed her crowned head and folded her hands over her breast.

Christ has promised His followers that they shall share His throne.

Above all earthly kings is the Lord God. History shows that He is the real ruler of the earth.

THE FATE OF THE FLY.

Prov. 12:16; Prov. 25:8; Prov. 12:25. (68)

"When I was preaching my first sermon, on a hot summer Sunday, I had just given out the text and had hardly opened my mouth for the first sentence of my discourse when in popped a fly. I could hear him hopping around in my mouth and buzzing like all possessed. A cold sweat broke out all over me. I felt him back in my throat. I glared at the audience. They were looking at me expectantly. I felt that the crisis of my life had arrived and that I must act at once. Through my hot brain flashed the thought, 'Shall I gag and spit out the intruder and make a spectacle of myself before these people who are waiting for the sermon and thus very likely spoil the effect of it and ruin my reputation at the outset of my career or shall I take the fellow down and wrest victory from the enemy?' My mind was made up on the instant. I gulped. Down went Mr. Fly, to be converted into flesh and bone and muscle, and I plunged into my sermon and went through it with such zest and earnestness that the rows of people who met me at the door to shake hands declared it was the best sermon they had ever listened to. And I've been swallowing flies ever since," he added, with a droll twinkle of the eye. "Whenever one attacks in the paper or elsewhere, I simply say to myself: 'Here's another fly. I'll take him down.' And down he goes. I find it the best way to avoid quarrels and to overcome trifling obstacles which would only be magnified by opposition."—Dr. Talmage.

The wise man says that a "fool's vexation is presently known, but a prudent man concealeth shame." Silence is often a powerful weapon.

CATHEDRAL AT DAMASCUS. (69)

Psa. 145: 13; Rev. 1: 17; Rev. 11: 15; Psa. 90: 4.

When in 635 A. D. the city of Damascus was captured by the Caliph Umar, the large cathedral of St. John Baptist was divided into two parts, one for Moslem, the other for Christian worship. This arrangement lasted about eighty years, when Islam drove out Christ, and all that was distinctively Christian was obliterated except the septuagint quotation from Psalm 145: 13: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is a kingdom of all ages, and Thy dominion is from generation to generation." Nearly twelve centuries have since passed, and yet, over that grand portal may still be read those inspiring words, as though to prophecy the final triumph of Christ over Islam. So says Rev. E. Sell in his sermon in Madras cathedral in 1901.

It takes the centuries to see the plans of the Lord, for with Him a thousand years are but as yesterday, but the time shall come "to destroy them that destroy the earth."

DESIGN. (70)

Jer. 10: 12; Psa. 19: 1-3; Rom. 1: 20; Job. 38: 4.

I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been too much lost sight of in recent zoological speculations. Reaction against frivolities of teleology, such as are to be found in the notes of learned commentators on Paley's natural theology, has, I believe, had a temporary effect in turning attention from the solid and irrefragable argument, so well put forward in that excellent old book. But overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us, and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend on one ever-acting Creator and Ruler.—Lord Kelvin.

The book of nature and the book of revelation supplement each other, like the two parts of the nineteenth Psalm.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MATTER.

Job. 38: 31-33; Psa. 8: 3, 4. (71)

The study of the newly discovered substance called radium which gives off radiations of heat and light without appreciable diminution of its own weight, has led Professor Crookes of Berlin and Professors Lodge and Curie in London to project a new theory of the ultimate constitution of matter, that each atom is a whole stellar system of infinitely smaller, but absolutely identical units, all in orbital motion. "A hydrogen atom consists of 700 such units or ions. The nature or identity of each substance depends upon the number of such ions contained in each atom. Thus 11,200 ions in each atom produce what we know as oxygen, and 137,200 of the same ions combined in a single atom would yield what we regard as gold. The nature of these ions is, for want of a better word, electrical. In other words, electricity and matter are one and the same thing." It is claimed that matter is constantly in the process of dis-

integration and recombining. In radium the process is so rapid that the phenomenon is easily observed. Chemistry becomes the astronomy of the infinitesimal; the earth and the other planets mere ions, forming a single atom of a higher universe, where perhaps they constitute a speck of dust.

One can but ask the Psalmist's question: "When I consider Thy heavens, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

CLEVER ANTS.

Prov. 6: 6. (72)

Dr. Flagg tells an interesting story of some ants he had observed: "A pie was placed on a shelf in a cupboard, with a wide ring of molasses encircling the plate. The ants discovered it, and, wanting pie for breakfast, they set out to get it. They first marched about the ring, leaving an ant here and there at places which were seen to be less wide than the rest of the ring. Then they carefully selected the narrowest place; and, going to an old nail hole in the wall, they formed an endless stream of porters, each bringing a grain of the plaster. They built a causeway through the molasses of these bits of lime, and in three hours from the time of discovery, they were eating the pie.

Centuries ago mankind were sent to the ant for instruction.

LEGEND OF WULSTAN.

Acts 4: 18-20; Acts 5: 29; Ex. 4: 12; Acts 5: 38, 39. (73)

There is a beautiful legend of an attempt to deprive the holy Wulstan, bishop of Worcester, of his see. A council of Norman clergy conspired against him on the ground that he was a very idiot, being unacquainted with the French language. Archbishop Lanfranc ordered him to surrender his pastoral staff and ring. His answer was, "My Lord Bishop, you claim from me what you did not give me. I resign my staff, but not to you but to St. Edward, by whose authority I received it." Then, walking to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, he said, in Saxon, "Thou knowest how reluctantly I undertook this burden. Only to thee can I resign the charge thou didst commit to my care. Receive thou my staff, and give it to whom thou wilt." Thus speaking he struck the staff into the stone tomb. To the amazement of all it sank in the solid stone and stood erect, nor could any move it to the right hand or left. Even Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, sent by Lanfranc to remove it, could not, nor could the archbishop himself. At last Lanfranc, overawed, bade Wulstan take back his staff, and to his hands it yielded itself. The king and the primate, affrighted, ran up to Wulstan and begged his forgiveness for attempting to displace the Lord's servant.

The true minister's responsibility is not to synods or conferences, but to God.

FARRAR AND THE QUEEN.

Rev. 4: 9-11. (74)

Hardly ever did Dean Farrar refer to his great friendship with the late Queen. But

once he broke the rule. It was on the occasion of the first anniversary of the accession of King Edward to the throne. At the service in Canterbury Cathedral he told how the Queen, after hearing one of her chaplains preach, at Windsor, on the second advent of Christ, spoke to him saying, "Oh, how I wish that the Lord might come during my lifetime."

"Why," asked the preacher, "does your Majesty feel this very earnest desire?"

With a countenance lighted by deep emotion the Queen replied, "I should so love to lay my crown at His feet."

The Dean attributed his great capacity for work to method. With all his manifold offices he once stated that there was not a case of sickness or trouble in the parish of St. Margaret's that he did not personally attend. Ordinary parochial visits were made by his three curates, and among the four they saw and knew everyone of their parishioners.

"Phillips Brooks" was the Dean's answer to one who asked him to name the greatest preacher he had ever heard. "Yes, there are Beecher and Liddon, Spurgeon and Manning," he added, "but Phillips Brooks (the late Bishop of Massachusetts) was a preacher born. Words with him became exalted messengers."

✓ TOLSTOY'S POWER.

Eph. 5:2; John 3:16; John 15:13. (75)

Leo Tolstoy's is a far reaching voice in Russia. He has "honey-combed" the Greek church, forced arbitration upon the Tsar, and to many made war odious. He has done by peaceful means what centuries of Nihilism could never do.

The Church has excommunicated him, and visited upon his gray head its most bitter curses, but his appeal is to another Tribunal. Here is a pathetic story:

Recently two men were sentenced at Moscow to the Siberian mines for circulating heretical literature. Tolstoy came forward, and showing that he himself had both written the pamphlets, and circulated them, demanded the manacles to be taken from the men and placed upon himself—he would go to Siberia, if need be.

The judge released the men, and ordered Tolstoy from the court room, telling him to be prepared to answer if he should be sent for. But they dare not touch Tolstoy—the people are with him.

The desire of his life and the prayer of his heart is to give his love to those who have little—to those who need love most.

The cry of Victor Hugo was: "More light! More light!"

The cry of Leo Tolstoy is: "More love! More love!"

So Jesus was the good shepherd who laid down His life for the sheep.

A MAMMOTH WATCH (76)

Is destined for the St. Louis World's Fair and will doubtless create a great sensation. This watch will have a polished metal case, and will lie on its back and be so large and roomy that people will be able to walk inside it

among the moving wheels. It will be 75 feet in diameter and 40 feet high, with neat little stairways running all about. The balance wheel will weigh a ton and the hair spring will be 300 feet in length and made of ten sprung steel bands, two inches thick, bound together. Guides will point out and name every part. The watch will be wound by steam regularly at a certain hour during the day.

More wonderful than this is the "clock of the universe," where stars and planets circle in their orbits in exact time.

DOING EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME. (77)

The proposal of the United States government in the Philippines is to sell the opium monopoly to the highest bidder, and to devote the proceeds—estimated at \$100,000—to "the work of education."

This has since been prevented by the Reform Bureau.

MODERN MARTYRS.

Rev. 7:14, 15; Rev. 12:11; Mark 13:13. (78)

In the words of Dr. Alex. Maclaren, "The man is not to be envied who can read, without a lump in his throat, the following story of Chao Hsi Mao (thirty), his mother (fifty-seven), sister (thirty-six), and wife, only nineteen years old. Being a prominent and well-known native Chinese Christian, he was advised by friends to leave his own village and flee, and this he refused to do, and all four members were arrested by the Boxers and their house and all their belongings burnt. They were then bound and taken on a cart to the Boxer chief at Hsin Chou to ask for instructions. He said, 'I don't want to see them; take them back, and kill them where arrested.' While on their way back they joined in singing the hymn, 'He leadeth me.' Arrived at a vacant spot outside their own village, they were taken down from the cart, and the man was first beheaded with the large knife generally used for cutting straw. Still the women would not recant, and the old mother said, 'You have killed my son, you can now kill me,' and she, too, was beheaded. The other two were still steadfast, and the sister said, 'My brother and mother are dead, kill me, too.' After her death there was only the young wife left, and she said, 'You have killed my husband, mother, and sister-in-law, what have I to live for? Take my life as well.' Thus all four sealed their testimony with their blood."

Christianity has not changed in the passage of the centuries. It has the same power in the twentieth century as in the first century.

LIGHT OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Psa. 139:14, 15; Gen. 1:26. (79)

Professor Arthur W. Goodspeed, of the University of Pennsylvania, announces that the human body emits a certain kind of light by means of which he has succeeded in photographing objects. Harper's Weekly gives the following description of Professor Goodspeed's method:

"The ordinary X-ray apparatus is put inside a wooden box, impervious to ordinary light rays. On top of the box are placed a number of lead plates, to shut off the ordinary Röntgen ray, which has not the power to penetrate dense metals. This precaution prevents the making of any impression upon an object placed outside of the box. On top of the mass of lead plates is laid the photographic plate that is to be affected. It is enclosed in a light-proof envelope or box, so as not to be changed by the ordinary rays of sunlight visible to the human senses. On the photographic plate may be placed coins, metals, or any other object which it is desired to photograph.

"The Crookes tube is then placed in operation, and from its kathode come forth the X-rays. The photographic plate, on top of the box, screened off by lead plates, is entirely unaffected by them. But let a human being put his hand in the field beside the plate for a few minutes, and afterward develop the plate. He will see that the emanations from his hand have affected it, and there are dark spots where the metal object lay upon it: so that the photograph, exposed in a dark room at night, has been taken by the light of a human hand."

Long ago the Psalmist gave thanks unto God that he was fearfully and wonderfully made, adding as his conclusion, "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!"

LIVING TO SERVE.

Gal. 5:13. (80)

Edward Everett Hale imagines a man waking in the morning with a divine feeling that "This world is to be a better world tonight because I am in it; this world is to be more God's world because I am in it; God's kingdom is to come today because I am in it." No better statement of the philosophy of life can be found. God is ever conceived as such a man's ally, and he, as God's. He puts the thought into verse:

MY MISSION.

John 12:26. (81)

Not mine to mount to courts where seraphs sing,
Or glad archangels soar on outstretched wing;
Not mine in unison with celestial choirs
To sound heaven's trump, or strike the gentler wires;
Not mine to stand enrolled at crystal gates,
Where Michael thunders or where Uriel waits,
But lesser worlds a Father's kindness know;
Be mine some simple service here below,—
To weep with those who weep, their joys to share,
Their pain to solace, or their burdens bear;
Some widow in her agony to meet;
Some exile in his new-found home to greet;
To serve some child of thine, and so serve thee,—
Lo, here am I! To such a work send me.
—E. E. Hale.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

Mark 10:45. (82)

Froude defined "Right" "the sacrifice of self to good," and "Wrong" "the sacrifice of good to self." The true rule of life is our Lord's "Non ministrari, sed ministrare."

EFFECT OF COLORED LIGHT ON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

Psa. 104:24. (83)

It has long been claimed that colored light has a special effect both on men and the lower animals, and that the lower animals grow more rapidly in violet than in white light. On the other hand, Flammarion found that silkworms grow least rapidly in the violet rays. Experiments on the nervous system show, according to Henria de Parville, writing in *La Nature*, that the red end of the spectrum is exciting to the nerves, while violet, blue, and green are calming. Turkeys and bulls are excited by red. Blue glasses are often used to quiet horses. Wundt found that the different spectrum rays act differently on our nerves. Dr. Douza has attempted to cure certain nervous diseases by the action of light, successfully treating melancholy with red, violent mania with blue, and other cases with violet. M. Dor brought on vertigo in certain nervous patients by red light, while green had no such effect. In photography Messrs. Lumière, in Lyons, France, prepare sensitive plates in a large room by green light. Formerly, when red light was used, the workmen always sang and gesticulated at their work. Now they are calm, never speak, and assert that they are much less tired in the evening than formerly. At the water cure at Vesinet, people are put in a violet room to calm them, and in a red room when stimulation is desired. Every sufferer from "nerves" knows that a gloomy day affects him unfavorably, while the first ray of sunlight makes him gay again. The green of vegetation, the blue of the sky, and the blue-green of the ocean may thus have a powerful influence in calming the spirits. Colors certainly appear to affect the organism.

The wonders of science show the power and wisdom of God.

"LEST WE FORGET." (84)

We are told that the forget-me-not covers much of the ground where the battle of Waterloo was fought, but it is said never to have been seen there before the battle. A young English soldier had a bunch given him on leaving home, and he treasured it in memory of the loved hand that gave it. He fell in the fight, but some of the seeds from his flowers ripened, and grew, and now the flowers have carpeted with their tender beauty the tragic field. So out of past struggles and endurances there spring gracious flowers of promise and encouragement, that abide with the people of God when the "battles long ago" are fading from remembrance.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RECENT SERMONS.

Preached by W. R. RICHARDS, REGINALD CAMPBELL, F. W. GUNSAULUS, LEN. G. BROUGHTON,
DAVID JAMES BURRELL, CHARLES WAGNER and others.

[NOTE:—The title in black face is the subject of the sermon in which the illustrations following appeared, the text and the preacher's name. The subject of the illustration and texts that may be applicable to it are in plain upper case type.]

The Bonds of Love. Rom. 8:35.

REV. M. F. NEGUS.

CHRISTIAN AND SCEPTIC. (90)

Hos. 11:4; Jno. 15:10.

A Christian gentleman once told me of a friend of his who was a philosopher and a sceptic, and he tried to persuade him to become a Christian. But the sceptic replied: "Why, sir, if I should become a Christian, I must or I may lose all that I possess." The gentleman replied: "If you lose anything by it, I will make it good and I will give you my note for it."

"Indeed," said the philosopher, "and you are willing to become Christ's security in dollars and cents?" "I am," said the man, and he gave him his note. He was so earnest that he touched the sceptic's heart, and he was convicted and converted. A few months after that he was taken ill, and it proved to be his last sickness; but before he died he sent for his friend, and as he came to his bedside, he put the note in his hand and said: "Christ has paid it all; there is nothing for you to pay. Take it and destroy it, for no one can ever say that he has been a loser by faith and obedience to Christ."

CONQUEST OF GREENLAND. (91)

2 Cor. 5:14.

When the Moravian missionaries were first entering Greenland they spent years in trying to teach them about God, creation and the nature of the soul; but they made no perceptible impression upon their hearts. They made no converts. But one day a missionary was translating the gospel of John, when several of the savages came to him and said: "Tell us about the book." And it occurred to him to read to them the passage before him. And he read John 3:16, how "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son to die" to save men. And instantly their eyes kindled with a new interest he had never seen there before. And as he read on through the book, the description of Jesus' sufferings and death, a chief said: "What is that? Tell me, that again. That is what I want to know. I want to know how to be saved." And he, together with his tribe, was converted. It was the beginning of the conquest of Greenland for Christ. And since that day Heber's hymn has been the Christian's watchword for the conquest of the world for Christ:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,

Salvation, oh, salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

A Complaint and Answer. Josh. 17:14.

REV. W. R. RICHARDS.

COMPLAINT AND ANSWER.

2 Cor. 12:9, 10; Matt. 25:21; Luke 19:26. (92)

Do you remember the impatient murmur of our great Puritan poet when first his blindness came upon him, "ere half his days in this dark world and wide?" A man who in his youth had been so brave and resolute in using to the utmost every talent his Creator had lodged with him, now his soul is more bent than ever to serve his Maker and present a true account; but this dreadful blindness stops him; and he cries, "Doth God exact day labor, light denied?" But the answer is,

"Who best bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best."

and,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Do you remember that other earlier servant, greater than Milton, but with a like impetuous spirit, who had prayed God again and again to take from him that thorn in the flesh which weakened and humbled him and hindered his activity at the very time when his soul was most bent to make every talent serve his Maker; and the answer came, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

The Ground of Christian Certainty.

1 John 3:14 and 4:19.

REV. REGINALD JOHN CAMPBELL.

MOODY IN DUNDEE.

Eph. 2:4-6; Gal. 6:2. (93)

Mr. Moody once told a story in England concerning the first Evangelical mission there. He was asked to call upon a poor man in Dundee who had been bedridden for a long time. Mr. Moody went to take a blessing but instead he got one. The man had been standing under the blessing of Calvary. When Mr. Moody left the chamber he said: "I guess when the angels pass over Dundee, they will stop at that house for refreshments."

GYPSY SMITH AND HIS SON.

1 John 4:9. (94)

I once heard "Gypsy" Smith tell a story about his own little sons who had played truant and in trying to be stern he had sent them to bed without any supper. He passed the rest of the evening tip-toeing about listening and wondering what the effect of the punishment would be. Finally, not hearing any sound, he made his way to the bed chamber. As he leaned over the bed one of the little

fellows said, "Is that you father?" and sobbed out, "Father will you forgive me?" "Yes, my son, yes, yes, I will forgive you for I love you." "Then father take me down to supper." We know the great Father because we have looked into the face of the Son.

The Brother for Whom Christ Died.

1 Cor. 8:11.

REV. WILLIAM R. RICHARDS.

GRIEF OF HUXLEY.

Heb. 3:12; Psa. 78:19. (95)

A distinguished scientific writer, the father of so-called agnosticism, lost a little child whom he loved devotedly. A friend, the late Canon Kingsley, wrote to the afflicted father, trying to comfort him with thoughts of God. But the answer, while perfectly courteous, was one of the saddest letters a man ever wrote. Mr. Huxley said that to him all other religious questions seemed matters of "comparatively small moment in the face of the impassable gulf between the anthropomorphism of theology and the passionless impersonality of the unknown and unknowable which science shows everywhere under the thin veil of phenomena." That is to say, Christians have believed in a God in some way like ourselves, a Father in heaven who loves us and cares for us as we care for one another—that is anthropomorphism: while all that this scientist could find underneath the visible world was an unknown and unknowable something, a "passionless impersonality," like the force of gravity or electricity, mysterious, everywhere present, awful; but you could not possibly love it, or pray to it, or count on its sympathy.

SERVICE HELPS ONE'S SELF.

John 7:17; John 8:31. (96)

If you were talking with a man who had no faith in a personal God, and mourned that he had not—as Huxley told Kingsley that he envied him, confessing himself on the dark side of the impassable gulf, where he could find no power back of the visible world except a "passionless impersonality"—if you really want to help him toward faith, show him the life of some Christian like Paul, who has really given himself to the work of helping and saving others because he cares so much for each of them. Better yet if you can find one still living. And when your friend has looked long enough at this spectacle to be somewhat interested and attracted by what he sees, then persuade him to go and do some of it himself. Enlist him in the same kind of loving service. Get him to caring for his neighbors, and putting himself out to serve them, until each of them begins to seem to him worth caring for.

I am sure before your friend has gone very far in that kind of action he will find that the other shore of the impassable gulf draws nearer; and where he used to talk about a "passionless impersonality," it begins to seem easier for him now to look up and say, "Our Father."

SIMPLICITY IN EDUCATION. (97)

Isa. 55:9; Psa. 92:5.

I ask for indulgence for everything naive and simple, not alone for the innocent conceits that flutter round the curly heads of children, but also for the legend, the folk song, the tales of the world of Marvel and Mystery. The sense of the marvelous is in the child the first form of that sense of the infinite without which a man is like a bird deprived of wings. Let us not wean the child from it, but let us guard in him the faculty of rising above what is earthly, so that he may appreciate later on those pure and moving symbols of vanished ages wherein human truth has found forms of expression that our arid logic will never replace.—Charles Wagner.

POWER OF LITTLE THINGS. (98)

Luke 12:6; Matt. 10:42.

Don't say, what can a word do? It takes so little to help a soul.

Don't say, it was only a word. It takes so little to hurt a soul.

To block the wagon going down hill, to prop the wagon going up, needs only a pebble.—Charles Wagner.

AWAITING A ROYAL GUEST. (99)

Rom. 12:16.

In the time of the Second Empire, in one of the French provinces, a little way from some baths frequented by the Emperor, there was a worthy mayor whose head was suddenly turned by the thought that his sovereign might one day descend upon his home. In the light of this new thought, what had before seemed sufficient for his needs appeared poor, ugly, ridiculous. Out of the question to ask an Emperor to climb this wooden staircase, sit in these old arm chairs, walk over such superannuated carpets. So the mayor called architect and masons, and a drawing-room was made out of all proportion to the rest of the house in size and splendor. Then, having emptied his purse and upset his household, he awaited the royal guest. Alas, he soon saw the end of the Empire arrive, but the Emperor never.

The folly of this poor man is not so rare. As mad as he are all those who sacrifice their home life to the demands of the world.—Charles Wagner.

FIDELITY. (100)

Luke 16:10-12.

During the disastrous retreat of 1813-1814, in the heart of the winter, when it had become almost impossible to present any sort of appearance, a general one morning presented himself to Napoleon, in full dress and freshly shaven. Seeing him thus, in the midst of the general demoralization, as elaborately as if for parade, the Emperor said: "My general, you are a brave man!" Fidelity in small things is at the base of every great achievement.—Charles Wagner.

The First Things First. 1 Cor. 13:13.

REV. NACY MCGEE WATERS.

GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE. (101)

Matt. 6:33; Rom. 13:8-10; Matt. 22:36-40.

But there is a greater word yet in the Christian vocabulary—"the greatest of these is love." One of the greatest American psychologists had met his class for the first time in one of our great universities. They were prepared on a text book and expectant. He began by saying, "Mr. A., please tell us what is the human soul?" "The soul is that power of man with which he thinks, feels and decides," came the answer. B. added to the definition by saying, "The soul was immaterial." Then the Professor asked the next man, "Will you tell us what it is not?" The answer was, "I do not know." "No more do I," said the Professor. That was the new Professor's introduction, and his was one of the master minds of the last generation. Had he been asked to define love, no more could his analytic mind have framed an answer in words. What love does; what it is not; how divine is its ministry—all that we know. But no microscope can penetrate its secret; no telescope can reach its far off horizons; no scales can weigh it, and it has been seen on no dissecting table. But we all know that it is.

live and grow old alone, unloving and unloved. To be lost is to live loveless and unloved." It is the outer darkness, that curse of eternal homelessness.

Hawthorne, in one of his stories, tells of a young girl, an artist at Rome, who felt such a curse falling upon her, not for sin of her own, but because she had witnessed another's crime. "This awful loneliness enveloped her whithersoever she went. It was a shadow in the sunshine of festal days; a mist between her eyes and the picture at which she strove to look; a chill dungeon, which kept her in its gray twilight and fed her with its unwholesome air." Afterwards, when she found words to tell another her trouble, she said: "I am a motherless girl, and a stranger here in Italy. I had only God to take care of me and be my closest friend; and the terrible crime thrust itself between Him and me; so that I groped for Him in the darkness, as it were, and found Him not; found nothing but a dreadful solitude, and this crime in the midst of it." For a little while, suffering for another's sin, the poor girl felt the horror of the outer darkness falling about her.

Now this is the explanation that the psalmist gives of the sad homelessness of human life—all these weary, aimless wanderings through a thirsty wilderness—it is because of sin.

Christian Estimate of Man. Matt. 10:31.

REV. J. W. SYLVESTER.

THE OBSCURED IMAGE. (102)

Gen 1:27; 2 Cor. 3:18.

Some of you have heard the story of the portrait of Dante painted on one of the walls of the Bargello in Florence. At one time it was only a tradition that such a painting existed, as the years had seemingly utterly effaced it. The very room, hallowed by the sacred memory of the great Florentine, had been converted into a store house for various sorts of rubbish. One day an artist entered the place. He gave orders to remove the rubbish and clean the walls. Then with infinite patience he scraped away the outer covering. Under his hand the outline of a face gradually shaped itself forth; colors long hidden by the rude plastering began to appear; one by one every line and distinction of feature stood out, until finally men came from the ends of the earth to look with mute admiration upon the pictured face of the great Dante.

The lesson is so plain that I hardly need to point it out. God's image is in every man, obscured by neglect, defaced by sin, overlaid by the coverings of time and circumstance. It is your work and mine to restore that image—both in our own lives and in those of others. 'Shall we not then, with all patience and humility, address ourselves to the high task that is laid upon us?

The Home of the Soul. Ps. 90:1.

REV. W. R. RICHARDS.

THE CURSE OF SIN. (103)

Prov. 18:10; Ps. 32:2; Jude 13.

Henry Drummond says that "no worse fate can befall a man in this world than to

Devastation of Drink. Isa. 59:7.

REV. RICHARD H. BOSWORTH.

MODERATE DRINKING. (104)

Prov. 12:15; Prov. 23:20, 21.

"Expert insurance actuaries confirm this opinion by pronouncing even moderate drinkers less desirable risks, as a rule, than total abstainers. Says a president of a prominent insurance company: 'I have had occasion to note the deaths in a large group of persons whose habits, in their own eyes, as well as of their friends and physicians, were temperate, but who were habitual users of beer. When the observation began they averaged under middle life. They were selected applicants for insurance. Presently death began among them. The mortality was astounding, and still more remarkable in the manifest cause and manner. They were for the most part apparently in robust health, full muscles, increasing weight and florid faced; but a touch of cold or malaria would ensue and, instantly, some acute disease was in violent action in ten days or less, ending in death. It was as though the body had been kept fair outside, while within it was eaten to a shell, collapsing at the first stroke. This,' he adds, 'has been my observation of beer drinking everywhere. It is peculiarly deceptive at first, but thoroughly destructive at last.'

"The case is cited of a fine appearing specimen of physical strength—a portly six footer, aged 50, but with complexion, vivacity of spirit and step of a youth of 25. He took his occasional glass for years, for a time seemingly none the worse for it—but the break came at last. A chronic complaint resulted from the long stowed away

poison in his system. He was a year in dying—the entire alimentary canal a mass of disease. He left a legacy to his children not named in his will! scrofula eating up one during a period of fifteen years; insanity the sad case of another, while the third was next door to imbecility.”

WORSE THAN SWINE. (105)

A member of the swine family once happened upon a quantity of alcoholic liquor, of which it drank until stupefied, but after recovering is said to have remarked, with much disgust, that he would never make a man of himself again.

DRINK-DEALING MURDERERS. (106)

Hab. 2: 15; Prov. 20: 1.

The story is told of little Mary, who lay dying. The child had been struck upon the spine by her drunken father. Gathered about her was a group of neighbors, one of the number being the rum-seller patronized by the father. Some one said: “It was the blow that killed her.” The dying child heard the remark, and, looking the liquor dealer in the face, gasped: “You did it,” and died. Were all the truth known with respect to the relation of cruelty and crime to the liquor traffic, that sentence of little Mary would doubtless find just application in thousands of instances.

NO MAN LIVETH TO HIMSELF. (107)

Rom. 14: 7.

“I once heard of a person who remarked that the question of waging war against the rum traffic did not concern him, but he changed his attitude after gazing upon the mangled and lifeless form of his wife, the victim of a railroad disaster, occasioned by the careless neglect or incapacity of a drunken employe of the company.”

Salvation by Sacrifice. John 12: 32.

REV. JOHN H. WILLEY.

SELF SACRIFICE. (108)

Matt. 16: 24, 25; Heb. 9: 28; 1 Pet. 2: 24.

The old story of the Pompeian guard belongs to the same great gospel of self-sacrifice. Vesuvius hurled its avalanche of fire over the doomed city. The unofficial, irresponsible multitude surged past him, frenzied with fear, dizzy with the heave and shudder of the earth, but he was on duty. He was a Roman soldier. And there he stood in the whirlwind of death, and there his body was found in the ripening of the centuries, to show how a man can die for a cause which seems worthy of his death. Here and there in ancient and modern times among civilized peoples, or in the midst of savagery, there have been hints and suggestions. The God thought was speaking at sundry times and in divers manners to the fathers.

Only through years of training and experience did the truth come home. In the

Church of the Capuchins is Guido's Archangel and the Devil, symbolic of the triumph of right over wrong. The attitude of the conqueror is studied and correct. Not a fold of his garments is disturbed, not a lock of his flowing hair is astray. He is trampling upon his terrible enemy as he would pose at a social function. And so says Hawthorne's Miriam, who herself knew the awful meaning of wrong: “The archangel, how fine he looks, with his unruffled wings and his unhacked sword. No, no, I could have told Guido better. The battle was never such child's play as this dapper archangel seems to have found it.” Miriam is right. Guido is wrong. The picture does not stir. It is intended for my lady's bower only, to be festooned with honeysuckles and forget-me-nots. A recent picture by Riviere of St. George and the Dragon contains a truer gospel. The scaly coils of the monster are wound tight about the dying horse. The hero himself has fallen faint and breathless, while the anxious faced princess bends over his prostrate form. This tells the story of struggle, of sacrifice as the price of salvation, of remission by the shedding of blood.

Babel and Pentecost.

Gen. 11: 1-10; Acts 2: 1-13.

REV. F. W. GUNSAULUS.

THE HOLY SPIRIT. (109)

Acts 7: 33; Isa. 11: 2.

Turn to that truer and higher spirit of science—the Holy Spirit—spirit of wholeness and health, spirit of holiness. It does not sing with the Titan, as he looks at the sun: I laugh at your power and his who sent you here To lowest scorn; pour forth your cup of pain.

It has become more reverent, as it has ascended from the depths of the earth along the route of the charmed spirit of man. It has made its Darwin one of the humblest of the noblest; it gives us the picture of Tyndal refusing to go with the Babel builders of nations while he waits for truth, and it leaves us the portrait of Huxley as he declines to follow the materialist; it has taught his lips to speak in hushed awe of Jesus and the imminent God. It has unconsciously adopted Christ's dream of the unity of man, a unity not to be realized by man's o'erleaping ambition and his Babel towers, not to be made a fact because all men speak one language, but to be made real, because everywhere the deep and elemental currents, running through human nature Godward, shall all of them sing one music of the infinite sea from which they came and to which they go. This science has a conscience. It now insists that it has something to do with ethics. It cannot be persuaded, like Prometheus, to refuse to acknowledge the existence of moral evil in the world, but, more like that band of disciples after Pentecost, it finds an aching world on its hands to be relieved. The new spirit has come. We find the many-languaged race of men understanding itself and its future, when it beholds an Agassiz saying and living what he says: “I have

not time to make money;" and more, when an inventor, whose machine takes the work from thousands of men, is devoting himself to their higher employment; and, most of all, when the cause of social reform commands the genius of Alfred Russell Wallace. At Pentecost, where even God's power comes to be the power of His love, man learns the altruism of the redemption of himself from selfishness and pride. As long as we do not have Pentecost, every new invention is Babel building.

SIGNIFICANCE OF PENTECOST. (110)

Matt. 23:8; Mark 3:35.

The last great gift of pagan Rome to the world was a Cæsar, her characteristic man, the man up through whose personality and power Roman thought and feeling climbed, as in a tower, toward the infinite; until, in that desperate but blind effort to bridge the distance between the human and the divine, it called Cæsar "God." Apotheosis was the logical consequence, in men's minds, of an effort at civilization unfed by the Highest. It could end in nothing else than making a man into a god, and it was in this way, through its very failure, a testimony to the fact that God must speak in and through the incarnation. So, also, Babel, with its failure to unify humanity around a visible and man-conceived institution, was the hint that somewhere in God's universe man would come to God, or, rather, God would come to man in a Pentecost. Humanity could be unified, not by any institution, but by the power of the Spirit; and this is the significance of Pentecost, that here at last a disorganized and self-dividing humanity comes to be reorganized and forever spiritualized into a divine unity.

Soul-Winning. Prov. 11:30.

REV. L. G. BROUGHTON.

SELF SACRIFICE. (111)

John 10:11; John 15:13; Rom. 5:8.

A farmer in North Carolina once drove with two high-mettled horses into town. Stopping in front of one of the stores, he was about to enter when his horses took fright. He sprang in front of them, and heroically seized the reins. Maddened by strange noises, the horses dashed down the street, the man still clinging to the bridles. On they rushed, until the horses, wild with frenzy, rose on their haunches, and leaping upon the man all came with a crash to the earth. When people came and rescued the bleeding body of the man, and found him in death's last agony, a friend bending tenderly over him, asked, "Why did you sacrifice your life for horses and wagon?" He gasped with his breath, as his spirit departed, "Go and look in the wagon." They turned, and there, asleep in the straw, lay his little boy. As they laid the mangled form of the hero in his grave, no one said, "The sacrifice is too great."

Spiritual Gravitation.

Acts 1:25 and Acts 4:23.

REV. D. S. MACKAY.

SPIRITUAL GRAVITATION. (112)

Phil. 1:23; Rev. 22:11, 12; Prov. 1:31.

"Saddest of all there is the prison house of sin, where so much of life's best energies are held back from fulfillment. Being let go, liberated from the dark dungeon of evil habit, what a power for righteousness many men would be! How often it is the man of brightest talent, keenest intellect and most genial heart that is cramped behind the bars of sin. Being let go, who can estimate what such a life would mean for Christ? It is recorded of the great Dean Swift, toward the close of his career, when dissipation and self-indulgence had sapped his powers, that looking at one of his books, written in the zenith of unwasted energy, he exclaimed with a sob, 'My God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!' It was not conceit. It was the wail of a soul straitened, cramped, chained, through sin. As Charles Kingsley said to his wife when she asked him if he thought it cowardly because she trembled on the brink of the dark river which all must cross alone—to shrink from leaving husband and children, the love that made life blessed and full for so many years, and to go alone into the unknown. 'No,' he said, 'but remember it is not darkness you are going to, for God is light; it is not lonely, for Christ is with you; it is not an unknown country, for Christ is there.' When one very dear to me was drawing near to his end, and they asked him what message he had to send to those across the sea, they were able to distinguish just these two words, 'Going home.' God grant for each one of us that, being let go at last, we shall join our own company in our Father's house."

The End of Time. Rev. 10:5, 6.

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL.

USE OF TIME. (113)

Eph. 5:16; Ps. 39:4.

The world is full of people who have squandered their birthright and fallen short of all the large possibilities of their being through the misuse of time. They sit tilted back in their chairs and twiddling their thumbs while Waterloo is being fought, and they wake up and begin to fret when nothing is going on. They never catch up with themselves. The "more convenient season" leads them a stern chase year in and year out.

One of the valuable secrets of success is knowing how to economize the fragments of time. An hour seems a little matter, but you can read twenty quarto pages in an hour, and an hour a day for four years would carry you through the Encyclopedia Britannica. Ten minutes are hardly worth considering, yet Longfellow in his youth translated Dante's "Inferno" in the ten minutes day after day, while he waited for his coffee to boil. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." While Pro-

fessor Mitchell was in charge of a division during the Civil War he said to a young officer: "You excuse yourself on the ground that you are only a few minutes late. Sir, I have been in the habit of calculating the value of a millionth part of a second!" It is the loss of time, a little here and little there, that makes life a failure and eternity an irremediable disappointment.

VALUE OF TIME. (114)

Psa. 90: 12; John 9: 4.

But what is time? "Time is money," they say. So far so good, if we would realize it. A man went into Benjamin Franklin's bookstore and inquired the price of a volume. "One dollar" was the clerk's answer. "Call your employer," said the would-be purchaser. When Franklin was asked the price of the volume he answered, "One dollar and a quarter." "Why your clerk asked only a dollar." "To be sure; but you called me from my printing-press and I am charging you for time." The man argued and remonstrated in vain. Presently he said, "Now Mr. Franklin, really what is your lowest figure for this book?" "One dollar and a half." "Preposterous! You only asked me a dollar and a quarter." "Yes, but my time is valuable and every minute sends the book up." This was sound philosophy and good business. If our days and hours were all marked with a price in plain figures we should probably be less profligate of them. We have no such scruple about wasting time as we would have in throwing gold eagles into the sea.

But time is more than money. It is "the stuff that life is made of." It stands for privilege, opportunity, responsibility, judgment, heaven or hell. You may throw away a dollar and earn another; but no two moments overlap. The last one said farewell forever; the next is—already gone!

Life's Wreckage. Acts 27: 43, 44.

REV. C. L. GOODELL.

DON'T LET IT GO. (115)

2 Cor. 1: 8-10.

"My first message is, Don't let go! Hold on to the things which are left. Your ship has gone down. You have lost your money or you are a hopeless invalid, or you have been swept down by the billows of some awful bereavement. Nothing will bring back either your fortune or health or your friends. You will be tempted to give up interest in the things about you. You will cease to care for your personal appearance, for your intellectual development, for the interests of your home and your family, and you will decline the society of your friends. In the words of Wagner, 'All this is pardonable and how easy to understand; but it is exceedingly dangerous. To fold one's hands and let things take their course is to transform one evil into worse. You who think you have nothing left to lose, will, by that very thought, lose what you have. Gather up the fragments that remain

to you and keep them with scrupulous care."

"Some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship." The author of "The Simple Life," well says: "In shipwreck a splintered beam, an oar, any scrap of wreckage saves us. On the trembling waves of life, when everything seems shattered to fragments, let us not forget that a single one of these poor bits may become our plank of safety."

THE HIDDEN POWER. (116)

Col. 1-27; Psa. 107: 23-30.

A few years ago I saw a pleasure fleet in our bay. It was calm and they were rocking in the tide, almost as motionless as a painted ship upon a painted sea. But I noticed a sloop with sails hanging limp, forging her way through the fleet and toward our wharves. On she came, the envy of every calm-bound boat. It seemed like some enchantment. You know the secret, for such sights are common now. It had power within. Hidden from sight, with no throb of engine or splash of wheel, that secondary power was doing its work, and the miracle of conquest was explained.

"Every Christian, by virtue of the indwelling Christ, professes to have a power that makes him superior to the winds and tides of life."

SAMPLE COPY.

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Comparison of the Churches.

In these days of church union talk, there comes up the question as to which denomination is doing the most effective work. And while only the Master himself knows, still all the principal denominations present statistics. And early in the year, as far as statistics will tell, Current Anecdotes will present a comparison that will be exceedingly interesting. One comparison will be the comparison of ministers' salaries. This number will be very interesting, but there are special articles in every number that are interesting; some worth the price of a year's subscription.

APPLES OF GOLD.

By J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D., Author of Present-Day Parables.

The Days of Heaven. Deut. 11:12.

THE DAY YOU WERE SAVED. (117)

It is said that when Cyrus had won some of his greatest victories, wishing to bestow upon his friends some special mark of his esteem he gave to one man a sword, to another a signet ring, but when he came to his friend Crysantas, he would offer him no material gift, but bent over and, taking his face in his hands, kissed him first upon one cheek and then upon the other that he might know that he was the object of his special favor. We too have had the kiss which has signified not only our redemption and salvation but that He loves us. This in itself brings days of Heaven.

THE DAY WE BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THE LOVE OF GOD. (118)

A little Scotch girl once went before the session of the kirk and asked to be received into membership. They asked her if her heart had been changed. She hesitated a moment and then made the best answer that could have been made. "Oh, sirs," she said, "either my heart has been changed or the world has been changed, for everything seems so different to me," and yet I suppose there are many of us who really are saved and are robbed of joy. The Psalmist said, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, then will I teach transgressors thy ways." All of which would seem to indicate that we may be His children and be deprived of joy.

The late H. Thane Miller was telling me once about his blindness. It came upon him suddenly. He went to a celebrated oculist to ask him what to do, and the oculist said to him, "Shall I tell you the whole truth?" Then he said, "You are stone blind and no one can make you see again." With much emotion the doctor retired from his presence, and then said this true man of God, "What do you think I did? Do you think I cursed God? No," said he, "I did not, for when the doctor told me my eyes were gone I felt the loving touch of the arms of Jesus Christ and heard Him say, 'I will never leave you,' and He has been better to me than His word," he said.

THE DAY OF YOUR DEATH IF YOU ARE A CHRISTIAN. (119)

An old artist ninety years of age is dying. His masterpiece has been the valley of shadows in which midnight darkness was wonderfully brought out upon the canvas. As he came near to the end of life's journey he called his servant to his side and said, "Bring me my masterpiece and my brush and my paints, for as I come near to the valley I find I have made a

mistake. It is flooded with glory and I must change the picture."

It is a valley of shadows it is true, but shadows are caused by the light, and since He walks with us through the vale there can be no darkness about us, nor can there be anything to make us afraid.

The Christian's Defeat. Josh. 7:13.

SAVING OTHERS. (121)

Thomas Guthrie, the famous preacher, has an illustration of a vessel sailing across the sea and notices in the distance signals of distress. The life boat is manned and the sailors put away until they come to the vessel. They find upon the deck a man emaciated to such an extent that he is almost lifeless. He cannot speak, for his voice is gone, but when they stoop to pick him up they notice his lips moving and bending over they hear him whispering, "There is another man." Saved himself he is not content until all about him enjoy the same privilege.

THE MISSING KEY. (122)

When the Philadelphia Exposition opened the Corliss engine, which in that day was the greatest piece of machinery in the world, for some reason would not work. They called a counsel of engineers and still there was no sign of motion. The maker of the engine came to look it over and was turning away in despair when he heard the clinking sound of a little piece of steel upon the hard cement floor and stooping down, picked up a piece of steel which he could hold between his thumb and finger, and said this is the difficulty. He slipped it in its place, gave the signal and immediately the great engine became a thing of life, and every wheel of the great building felt the touch of power. It is possible that it is only some little thing which may be robbing us of our power. Perhaps worldliness, possibly disloyalty to Christ, or it may be the disposition to question the integrity of the Scriptures, in any case, it is sin which stands in our way.

DEADLY MISTAKES. (123)

Some years ago a woman on the Northern Pacific Railroad train was seen walking up and down the aisle of the car with a baby in her arms. She made it known that she expected to leave the train at a certain station. The conductor announced one of the stations and then said that the next stop would be the station where she desired to leave the train. Suddenly, as the snow storm was increasing in all its fury, the train stopped and one of the passengers helped the woman to alight, and then the train started on. Five miles further on the name of the station which was her destination was called out. With a white face the man who had assisted her from the train

cried out, "What have I done?" for the stop of the train was an expected one, and no station was near at hand.

When they made their way back again the woman had been overcome by the cold and mother and child had perished. Oh, that we might realize that our lives in their failures cause other lives to fail.

True Christian Life.

Song of Sol. 2:16; 6:3; 7:10.

THE LINE OF SEPARATION. (124)

"My beloved is mine."—This is regeneration. A minister once preaching to his congregation, said, "Let every one say Jesus," and from all over the congregation there came the music of His name. "Now," said the minister, "let all those who can say 'My Jesus,'" and the response was not so hearty. A line ran through the congregation separating husband from wife and parents from children.

TRANSFORMED. (125)

I one day in Colorado wanted to make a journey to the summit of Pike's Peak, only to find that throughout the entire day the train was chartered. I was turning away in despair when a railroad man said, "Why do you not go up at three o'clock tomorrow morning, for then," he said, "you can see the sun rise and the sight is beautiful?" So the next morning we started. Just as I was going on the train a railroad man said, "When you come to the sharp turn in the way as you go up, look over in the Cripple Creek district and you will see a sight never to be forgotten." We climbed higher and higher, leaving the darkness at the foot of the mountain until at last we came to the place indicated and I looked away only to be intensely disappointed; the sight was almost commonplace. As we pursued the journey upward finally we came to another place where I heard someone give an exclamation of delight, then I looked up in the same direction and there was a marvelous transformation. I could see before me a mountain which looked like a white robed priest, and another like a choir of angels and still another like a golden ladder reaching up into the skies, and all because the sun risen upon the same scenery which a moment ago was uninteresting. If Christ could only thus take possession of our lives and become our Saviour the transformation would be quite as great.

Five Kings in a Cave. Josh. 10:24, 25.

NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF. (126)

Near Toledo, Ohio, there used to live an old doctor noted for his infidelity. He was violent in his opposition to the church. One day he called a noted infidel to the town where he lived and paid him two hundred dollars, that he might by means of his lecture break up the revival meeting. Everybody was afraid of him. He heard of an old preacher back in the country who

was a stranger to the schools, but not a stranger to God, and he asked his friends to make it possible for him to meet him. Finally they met and the infidel with a sneer said:

"So you believe the Bible, do you?"

"Yes, sir. Do you?" said the preacher.

"And you believe in God, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want you to understand that I am an infidel, and believe none of these things."

The old minister looked at him and said simply, "Well, is that anything to be proud of?" and it was an arrow that went straight through the unbeliever.

He went back to his office, began to think it over. "Anything to be proud of," he said, and he finally realized that he was not in a favorable position. Then he thought of an old Christian he knew and he said, "If I could be such a Christian as that I would come to Christ."

He went to tell the minister and the minister said to him, "Get down on your knees and tell God so," and he began to tell Him and then broke down, sobbed out his confession of sin, and his cry to God for deliverance was heard and he rose up a free man in Christ Jesus.

Four Leprous Men. 2 Kings 7:3.

EVER READY SAVIOUR. (127)

I remember when we were in New York city, there was a man at our inquiry meeting who was very anxious to become a Christian. He said, "I will go home and pray, and I will see if I can't get the blessing at home." He started out, and he had about three miles to go, and while he was walking the thought occurred to him, "What is the use of waiting until I get home? Why, I will pray on the street. The Lord will hear me just as well." And so he said he began—this he told us the next night at the meeting—"God be merciful," and he said the moment he got to that word "merciful" God blessed him before he got to "me." The blessing came right down upon him.

FOUR USEFUL BOOKS FOR PREACHERS.

Religion and Science, by Calderwood. These lectures were so popular that they were repeated at Edinburgh. Price has always been \$1.75; now \$1.50.

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The New York Observer says: "It contains much that will aid the pastor in the performance of a duty which is often trying and delicate."

Published by F. M. Barton, Cleveland.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

The REV. DR. DAVID GREGG in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church.

NATURE. (136)

Do not underrate nature. Nature is God's great book. It is the first book which the Divine Author issued from the press of eternity. All its beauties, and laws, and forces, and all the operations of its elements are thoughts of God. The chemist, the geologist, the astronomer, the inventor, and the men who deal with the things of nature are as truly the ministers of God as are theologians with their open Bibles.

Nature is of use to comfort us, and to instruct us, and to breathe hope into us, and to rebuke us. If a man lived according to the laws of God as these are taught by nature, he would live a superb life. Just see! the planets, sweeping immense orbits, are always on time. The planets teach man punctuality; and so do the harvests of the earth which come in their season. The sun spends its life and strength in blessing the solar system. It teaches man to be generous and useful. Every loaded head of grain in the harvest field bends as if in adoration of the Creator, teaching man the duty of reverent thanksgiving and joyous prayer. Nature is constantly teaching and rebuking us, setting forth our faults and sins by its truthness. "There is no sinful planet; there is no selfish and miserly sun; there is no galaxy of wicked and discordant stars; the winds are not rebellious; the sea does not refuse service; the clouds do not loiter on their errands; the hills are not penurious; the ground does not bar its bosom against the influence of sunbeams and rains. No; it is in the midst of mankind that we find disorder, and rebellion, and penuriousness, and discord, and the resistance of holy and benignant influences. In nature, God's laws, God's holiness, God's charity, are reflected in the loyalty and the purity and the fraternity visible in all the facts and forces of the outward world."

THE LEAF WORLD. (137)

The leaves of the trees are the tongues of nature, and they are eloquent with divine teachings. The value and the glory of these are too frequently lost sight of by man. Their very commonness is against them. They are here in too great numbers to be fully appreciated. Overlooking them, we allow our admiration to kindle over purple clusters, and ruddy fruit, and golden grain, and burning flowers. We rave over the orchards of spring, billowed with blossoms, and enthusiastically watch the myriad petals on every branch as they toss their foam of promise into the air. We forget that the leaves are beautiful; we forget that there are billows of foliage; we forget that the leaves are rich in color, graceful in shape, grand in structure, and necessary and vital in their functions. They are the most exquisite productions of nature's loom. A noted scientist has said: "We could lose the glory of the sunset, we could lose the magnificence of the flowers, and not be so poor as we should be if all the leafage of the world were stripped from branch and twig." Among the grandest chapters of John Ruskin, the

prince of writers, are the ten chapters in his "Modern Painters" which he devotes "To Leaf Beauty." He calls the foliage the bridal-veil of the earth. He tells us that the mystery of God is in every leaf, and that he who can explain it can explain the universe of God. In speaking to amateur painters and sculptors he says: "My young friends, when you can paint a leaf, you can paint the world; when you can carve a leaf, you can chisel a Moses. Painting a leaf puts Titian to thoughtful trouble. Well sculptured leaves are as grand as the grandest of statues." Such is Ruskin's appreciation of leaves that he goes into rapture over a single spray of oak leaves painted by Correggio.

OLD AGE. (138)

Men do not like to talk about old age. It stands for decrepitude, dim eyes, deaf ears, tottering steps, dyspepsia; a narrowed circle of friends, interests, and resources. It stands for distrust, discontent, peevishness, ill health, uselessness. It means a man withered in brain and in heart; responsive to nothing that is good, and great, and progressive. It is the general impression that these things are the accompaniments of old age. What I wish to say is, they are not necessarily so. The way we shall ripen is for us to say. If we abuse our digestive organs, our eyes, our nerves, our muscles, our brains, and drain them of their capital, we will suffer. We may rest assured that, if we are going to enter old age with the instrument of our personality all out of tune, we are going to give the world some of the most painful music it has ever heard. There are people to whom I should never think of addressing the current question of greeting, "How are you?" I know them too well to do that. They would strike every discordant string in their poor harp, and that would mean the very opposite of a Beethoven discourse of sweet sounds. My point is this: an old age out of tune is not a necessity. There is an October glory of yellow and gold, and if we only pay proper attention to the green of May and of June, we may possess this October yellow and gold. There are people in our midst who possess all that is grand in October. They are lovable and sympathetic and cheery. They make you fall in love with old age. No one thinks that they have been permitted to live too long. Their beautiful life, like Emerson's flower, is its own excuse for being. They receive respect from those who are young, not because our youth are taught to respect age wherever they meet it, and show it deference, but because they merit it, and because of what they are in themselves.

Let me keep ringing the changes upon the thought before us! The disagreeable accompaniments of old age are not a necessity. If we will it, the declining life may prove to be the very best part of life. It remains for us to decree what it shall be. We often look into young faces and speculate how they are going to appear when they are old. We often watch the way young people live, and specu-

late how they are going to think, and feel, and act, when they are old. And we have the ability to do this, for future looks and character are folded in germ-form in the present. It is as easy to forecast their future as it is to predict an eclipse. Their future is in their own hands. But perhaps you say: "They are made by their antecedents. There are certain facts of physical constitution, of brain, of heart, of tendency, that have been given them as an inheritance. They cannot go back of these." All true. They cannot go back of these, but this they can do: they can begin with these, they can modify these, and work from these.

GROWING OLD BEAUTIFULLY. (139)

It is possible for a man to grow old beautifully and attractively.

He can fruit like the leafage of the soft maple, and like the foliage of the Japanese ivy. These leaves grow old beautifully. Ruskin says, "Every leaf of the Japanese ivy is the fragment of a rainbow." There are trees in the forest which look as though the very glories of the sunset had been distilled into them. Decked with glowing hues of crimson and scarlet and gold, they light up the forests as pillars of fire. As pictures of beauty they are far beyond what they were in the youth of spring. Behold nature on this fall day! On every hand the glories of the sky are breaking out in the leaves of the trees. Everywhere there is a sprinkle of the streaks of gold, and the glow of red fire, and the flash of the yellow, and the twinkle of the green. The autumnal forests are the canvas upon which God paints. How vast the canvas! Thousands of miles upon thousands of miles it stretches across great continents, and the painting is all exquisite. When God begins to paint, all human artists stand back. Look at God's canvas from one single point—from the heart of the Alleghanies! I have stood in the heart of the Alleghanies when autumn was in its prime, and it seemed as though the entire surf of God's beauty had rolled to the tip-top of every mountain, and then had come dashing back again, rolling into the deepest cavern and saturating every twig and every leaflet.

GROWING OLD PROFITABLY. (140)

It is possible for a man to grow old in such a way as to leave profitable and abiding results.

This is the way the leaf grows old. Every leaf works hard all its life, and ceases not until its work is done. It drops not off until it has formed a successor, and placed it securely in a bud ready to unfold in the coming spring. Even so, if we live well, we will reproduce ourselves and leave converts and successors of our faith in God.

The leaves do a present work; they cleanse and purify the atmosphere for man and animal. They absorb the carbonic acid gas of the air and throw into the air the oxygen. They also stretch out the hand of shade over the nestling among the branches, and protect the reclining cattle from the scorching rays of the sun. But besides this present work, they do a work that abides. They build up the tree which measures its life by the centuries. Ruskin says:

"The leaves are tree builders. From every leaf in all the countless crowd at the tree's summit, one slender fiber, one fiber's thickness of the wood, descends through shoot, through spray, through branch, through trunk, and through root, until it mines in the darkness, and takes hold in the cleft of the rock, and extends its sweep underground to the same extent of the green crest in the free air above. Dying, it leaves its small but well-labored thread, adding, though imperceptibly, yet essentially, to the strength of the tree and to the wood of the tree, and fitting it for better service to succeeding races of leaves. If ever in autumn a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, let us wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments. Behold the trees! so mighty, so eternal! they are but the monuments of the poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die."

We see the work of the leaves. Is there anything in our lives corresponding to their work? What atmosphere have we cleansed and purified? What are we sheltering? some orphan? some despised principle that carries in it eternal life? some institution which blesses the afflicted of humanity? What have we helped to build up? what home? what social circle? what church? what community? what republic?

Washington, and Adams, and Warren, and Hamilton are vitally present in our life today. They have left us the republic and its institutions, and these are the embodiment of magnificent principles. What are we leaving? Moses left us the Ten Commandments; Paul, the Epistles; Luther, the Reformation; Jesus, the Christian Church. What are we leaving? Into what are we building our life?

GROW OLD AND MAKE PROGRESS. (141)

It is possible to grow old, and at the same time grow toward an endless life of future progress.

The fallen leaf rises into new combinations, and lives in these in after years. Its embodied strength, as it exists in the wood of the tree, marches out to serve human life in every structure into which wood is built. This is a symbol of what the life of the aging man may be. He has a future. The life behind him lives in institutions, and his on-going soul enters into the higher scenes of the higher life. The beauty and glory of a dawn such as never empurpled our horizon breaks upon his emancipated soul.

We bless God that among the possibilities of humanity is a grand old age. Old men have blessed the world in all generations. Nestor was old; Solon was old; Aristotle was old; Lycurgus was old; Seneca was old. Thus it was in the secular world. In the religious world it has been the same—old men have blessed the world. The aged Caleb fought the battles of the Lord in the land of the giants; the aged Abraham offered the prayer that held the storm-cloud in mid-air until Lot escaped from the doomed cities; the aged Paul carried the gospel to the ends of the earth; and the aged John wrote the Apocalypse, by means of which we men of the twentieth century receive our highest conceptions of heaven,

PREACHER'S SCRAP BOOK.

THANKSGIVING.

CAPTAIN PHILIP'S PRAYER MEETING ON THE TEXAS. (152)

Neh. 12:31, 40.

The story of the scene on the deck of the Texas after the battle which destroyed the Spanish fleet off Santiago has been told many times, and with considerable variation. Congressman Landis, of Indiana, in the course of a conversation with Captain Philip on the Cuban campaign, ventured to ask for his own version of the occurrence. The captain was much embarrassed and hesitated considerably. The he said:

"Well, it was this way. I—that is—it was—there, if you drop your hat on the street and some one picks it up for you, you say, 'Thank you,' or if you fall down on the street and some one helps you up, you always say, 'Thanks.' There was that boat, with a storm of iron and shot going on one side and then on the other. Then they would fall in the water all around us, and then there would be a perfect cloud of them pass over our heads, and yet we were not struck. When the fight was over and I had made a hasty inventory and found that we were not hurt it seemed to me no more than fair that we should say, 'Thank you,' so I had the crew called on deck and told them so. Every man took off his cap, and you could have heard a pin drop on that deck, and after it was over and I walked past that crew I saw tears on the faces of many an old sailor that I supposed did not know how to cry."

What Captain Philips said to his crew:

"I want to make public acknowledgement here that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty."

322 FOR THE BEST. (153)

696 Rom 8:28; Ez. 8:22.

A brave pastor of his flock was he who was born at Kentmere Hall, in England's lake district, in the year 1517. This Bernard Gilpin had no love of power and place, for he quietly refused a bishopric when it was offered him, an unusual proceeding for a village clergyman.

His enemies would have dragged him to the stake, at Durham, for having adopted the principles of the Reformation, and as they could not succeed by force, they tried guile, and drew up thirty articles against him which they laid before Bishop Bonner.

"The heretic shall be burnt in less than a fortnight," said Bonner.

Gilpin heard of the plot, and with the utmost composure resolved to suffer for the truths he had adopted. Indeed, he even seemed glad of the opportunity to prove his fealty. He called William Airy, his almoner, to his side.

"At length," said he, laying his hand upon his steward's shoulder, "they have prevailed against me. I am accused to the Bishop of London, from whom there is no escaping.

God forgive their malice, and give me strength to undergo the trial!"

So he patiently suffered arrest, and rode away to London. On the journey his horse fell, and Gilpin's leg was broken. One of his favorite sayings had been that "nothing happens to us but what is for our good," and now his enemies taunted him with it.

"Is this, thy broken leg, then, for thy good?" asked they.

"I make no question but it is," he replied, and he was right; for Queen Mary died before he could resume his journey to London, and thus he regained his liberty.—Youth's Companion.

AN ORPHANED LIFE. (154)

Psa. 103:17; Matt. 10:29; Psa. 91:4.

There is one thing more pitiable, almost worse, than even cold, black, miserable atheism. To kneel down and say, "Our Father," and then to get up and live an orphaned life. To stand and say, "I believe in God the Father Almighty," and then to go fretting and fearing, saying with a thousand tongues: "I believe in the love of God, but it is only in heaven. I believe in the power of God, but it stoppeth short at the stars. I believe in the providence of God, but it is limited to the saints in Scripture."—Mark Guy Pearse.

A THANKFUL SPIRIT. (155)

Col. 3:17.

For a Sermonette.

My little friends, did you ever stop to think how much you have to be thankful for? I heard of a little boy, who was very good at arithmetic; so one day he thought he would try to reckon up how much God did for him in one year. He took his slate and pencil and began. "Let me see," said he, "365 days; that means 365 mercies. But every hour has been a mercy; that is 8,760 mercies. But the minutes, too—that is 525,600 more. Then there are my dear parents, who have been spared me—two more marks; health preserved, another; food, another; teachers, books, cheerful companions, more still; the Bible—a broad, big mark for that; Sabbaths, 52 marks. Oh, dear! I cannot reckon them—I keep thinking of more all the time; I must give it up." And I don't wonder he did, for even David felt it too much for him, for said he in the 139th Psalm: "If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand." Oh! how much we ought to thank God. Our motto says: "In everything give thanks." That means when things don't suit you, as well as when they do. A poor widow, not having bed-clothes to shelter her boy from the snow, which was blown through the cracks of her hut, used to cover him with boards. One night he said to her, smilingly: "Ma, what do poor folks do these cold nights who haven't any boards to put over their children?" Wasn't that a thankful spirit?—Epworth Herald.

GOD'S THANK YOU. (156)

Heb. 13: 21.

For a Sermonette.

Little Jack was a four-year-old, and a great pet of mine, with yellow curls and blue eyes, and he had sweet, affectionate little ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Little Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face was very hot. I was working in my room when a very tired little boy came up to me. "Why, Jackie, what have you been doing?" I asked. The tears came into his eyes and his lips quivered, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said: "I've been kind to Cousin Jack; I worked dreffily hard for him, and he never said thank you to me." Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night, when I had put him into his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I am not sorry." "How is that?" I asked. "Has Cousin Jack thanked you?" "No, he hasn't; but inside me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to anyone, and, do you know, I've found out what it is." "What is it, darling?" I asked. And throwing his arms around my neck, he whispered: "It is God's thank you!"

MR. WESLEY AND THE PORTER. (157)

1 Thess. 5: 18; Eph. 5: 20.

One of the most important incidents in Mr. Wesley's religious experience was a conversation with the porter of Oxford College. The man called at Mr. Wesley's room late one evening and said that he wished to talk with the young student. After they had conversed together for awhile, Mr. Wesley, in a spirit of pleasantry, told the porter to go home and get another coat. The man replied, "This is the only coat I have in the world, and I thank God for it." "Go home and get your supper," remarked Wesley. "I have had nothing today but a drink of water, and I thank God for that," was the reply. "It is late and you will be locked out, and then what will you have to thank God for?" said Wesley. "I will thank Him," responded the porter, "that I have the dry stones to lie upon." "John," said Wesley, "you thank God when you have nothing to wear, nothing to eat, and no bed to lie upon. What else do you thank Him for?" "I thank Him," returned the poor fellow, "that He has given me life and being, and a heart to love Him, and a desire to serve Him." Wesley stated afterward that the interview made a lasting impression on his mind, and convinced him there was something in religion to which he was then a stranger.—Epworth Herald.

LITTLE THANKS.

God's goodness hath been great to thee;
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
—Shakespeare.

Thanksgiving must be in the heart before it is in the mouth. It must get into the mouth, or it will not long be in the heart.

Thankfulness is the tune of the angels.—Spencer.

Keep a day-book of blessings if you would have a ledger of love.

You can have no Thanksgiving Day without a preceding thanksgiving year.

Men grumble because God put thorns on roses. Would it not be better to thank God that he put roses on thorns?

Phillips Brooks said, in the last Thanksgiving sermon he preached: "I defy a man to put his finger upon any page of history when it was clearer than it is today that man has something to do with his brethren and that they are his brethren. Yes, it belongs to nations, too. No nation dare act in sublime selfishness." Whether the restraining motive be high or low, the fact of greed, envy, hate, under some control, is a ground of hope for individuals and governments.

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Prepared by G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D., Author of "The Homiletic Year."

THE LOOM OF PROVIDENCE. 7

Text—"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose."—Romans 8: 28.

What an enigma human life is! Here we are endowed with quick and sensitive faculties, susceptible of sharpest pain and keenest pleasure, capabilities within us capable of unspeakable sorrow, of ecstatic joy. As between the towers of old German castles they stretched wires which every wind that blew woke to major or minor tones, so are we stretched with such taut and responsive faculties and exposed to all the forces of nature which wake the chords to gladness or to sadness. Nor have we often the choice of place in which to live. Some fateful wind or bird carries the seed of one pine tree to a sheltered valley, where it grows straight and tall, vexed but by few storms; another is carried far up the mountain slope and grows exposed to all the storms that blow. The providence of God has cast the lot of some of us in sheltered places and of others in places exposed to adverse winds.

Over against these hidden uncertainties God has hung out exceeding great and precious promises, which gleam along our way as lamps shine along the bends of the river for the boatswain's guidance in his voyage through the night. Of all the many promises of the Bible this one in the text seems the most comprehensive and the most assuring. When you go hunting in October you find the hills laced with many light paths made by the deer as they went browsing here and there, but there is one path broad and well beaten, as if the deer from many hills had trodden there, for it leads to some favorite spring where they all went to quench their morning thirst. The Bible is laced with many foot-paths of the saints feeding on the green pastures or sauntering by the still waters of God's promises, but there is one path well beaten, as if all had trodden there, and that broadest path leads to this text. It is the one lingering spring when all others are dry. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

The promise being of such importance, let us look more closely into it that we may know more of its meaning and sufficiency in the day of stress. There is that in its language that suggests a web of cloth woven on a loom. We examine such a piece of cloth in three particulars, the warp, the long threads, do they run from end to end unbroken? The woof, the cross threads, are they cotton or wool or silk; are they closely woven? And then we unroll the web to see if the design is such as we desire and if it is well wrought in. Let us try our text that way.

I. "All things work together for good." That is the warp, the long thread. "All things." Looking back over our lives, running our fingers along our past experiences,

can we say that? Is it clear to us today that all things have worked for our good? We hesitate here. There are some things in our lives not yet explained, that show no connection with that word "good." They have worked for pain, privation, disappointment.

Some there are, however, the warp of whose lives runs longer and stronger, who can say some things work for good. Others, older in years and riper in experience, who have outlived the haste and passion of early judgments, can look back and run the finger along the warp threads and say, "Most things have worked together for our good." But Paul, in our text, says with confidence and emphasis, "All things work for good." We may well listen to Paul, for he is speaking out of a wide and varied experience. There are many years behind him and many trying scenes. He runs his fingers over the warp threads and says, "I know by experience what tribulation is, what persecution is, what famine is, what nakedness, peril, sword is. I have tested them all and so far in the providence of God they have worked for my ultimate good."

We may well listen to Paul because he is also speaking out of the rich inspiration of the Holy Spirit. It is all very well for Paul to go over the past and speak with the confidence of experience. But bethink you of what lies before us. The awful forces of nature beating on our fragile lives, as the surf beats on the little limpit clinging to the rock or the shore, the mysteries of death, the disintegration of the grave. Has he thought of these among his "All things"? Yes, he is speaking by inspiration of the Spirit, to whom nothing in the future is unknown, to whom the whole purpose of God, the whole outcome of His providence is known, who sees beyond the present clanking of the loom the finished product of the weaver. And in the wisdom of that inspiration he runs his fingers along the warp of the unfinished web and says, "I am persuaded that neither life, nor death, etc."

II. Let us look at the woof—the cross-threads. "All things work together for good." When the weaver has stretched his warp on the loom he then fills his shuttles with variously colored threads and thrusts them back and forth weaving the warp threads together. This word "together" is the emphatic word of our text. At the weaver's hand are many shuttles, filled with differently colored threads. He now thrusts in a white, a blue, a black thread. You cannot judge the purpose of the weaver by the thrust of one shuttle or the weave of one thread, white or black. You must wait until he has emptied all of his shuttles and by all the woof knit up the warp together. Nor can we judge God nor pass upon His ultimate purpose in our lives by any one event in our experience or by any one day or year in our lives. We are yet on the loom, His shuttles are not yet empty. Give God time to put this and that together, to complete the purpose of His providence.

III. It is time to look at the design. "All things work together for good." After the weaver has set his warp and emptied his shuttles of the woof he removes the web from the loom, unrolls it and reveals the design he was all the time weaving. Perhaps the tapestry is a battle scene, Rebekah at the well, the birth in Bethlehem, the scene of the cross or the ascension of our Lord. He hangs it up now for your inspection and opinion. On the loom of creation God is working out the design of the good. He casts no shuttle at random or in caprice. "And God saw that it was good." The weaver sat again and filled his shuttles with thread of life, of spirit, of thought, of imagination, of affection, and at the end of that day took the web off the loom, and behold the man, made in the divine image. "And God saw that it was very good." On the loom of His providence over man He is working out the same design of the good. Once more He stretched the warp, this time of human history; stretched them over fifty or a hundred centuries, and then filled His shuttles with threads—purple threads of law, scarlet of sacrifice, gray of prophecy, silver of psalm, white of type and typical lives, until in the fullness of time He unrolled it, and behold the desire of all nations, the Man Christ Jesus, the Revealer of God's love, the Redeemer of man. And over Him sounded voices from heaven, "My beloved son in whom I am well pleased." "Peace on earth, good will to men."

At last he set the warp of your own individual life along the days or the years allotted to you, and filled His shuttles and is weaving. He is still at the loom and on go His shuttles day and night. White threads of youthful joy, scarlet of suffering, gray of sorrow, purple of duties, black of temptation, and golden threads of grace thrust in and out at the clanking of the loom. And what He is doing we know not now, but we shall know when He has emptied His shuttles and woven all the warp together into His foreseen design. And when He is done with you He will remove you from that loom and behold you are a man redeemed, a perfect man, according to the stature of a man in Christ Jesus.—Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D. D.

THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST. ✓

2 Cor. 4:6. ✓

God the Father has made a photographic album composed of the face of Jesus Christ. This album is the Bible. As we turn the divine book the face of Jesus Christ looks up at us from its pages, and these different pictures of the one face taken together give us the biography of the most wonderful personage.

Let us turn the pages of the Bible album and look, for a moment or two, into some of the faces of Jesus Christ which we find there. As we have not time to look at all of these faces, our study must be suggestive, not exhaustive.

I. The first face of Jesus Christ which meets our eye in turning the pages of the Bible album is the heroic face.

"And it came to pass, when the time was come that He should be received up, He

steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem."—Luke 9:51.

Look into that face turned Jerusalem-ward. It is a mirror. It reflects every dark thing which awaits Jesus at the Judean metropolis. He saw all—the betrayal, the desertion, the calumnies, the false testimony, the scourge, the crown of thorns, the cross, the divine desertion, and the dark tomb. And yet He kept His face fronting these awful realities, and His feet moving toward them.

II. The second face of Jesus Christ which meets us as we turn the pages of the Bible album is the face fouled and bruised by human contempt and intolerance.

"And they did spit in His face, and buffeted Him."

"And when they had blindfolded Him they struck Him on the face."

We would fain turn this page of the album without looking at this face, but we dare not. Its study is essential to a full history of Christ. It is a most mortifying picture. But it is true to life. Filthy villains fouled His clean and holy cheek, and demon-moved men drove their fists into His face.

God has given us this face of Jesus Christ to humble us and to convict us of sin, and to show us the trend of our nature when it is ungoverned by His restraining and sanctifying grace.

III. Another face meets us in turning the leaves of the Bible album: it is the face in the dust.

"And He went a little farther and fell on His face and prayed, O My Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from Me."

Gethsemane was to the prostrate form with His face in the dust Calvary before its time. His soul ran ahead and anticipated all that was coming, and rolled it up into one great wave; ere He knew it the wave dashed over Him and overwhelmed Him.

IV. The next face of Jesus Christ which looks up at us from this Bible album is the face awfully marred.

"His visage was marred more than any man's, and His form more than the sons of men."

This is the face of Christ when sin and suffering have completed their work. Everything is over, and the face lies cold in death. Every line in it says, "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

V. Among the bright faces we have the transfigured face.

"And His face did shine as the sun and His raiment was as white as the light."

The transfigured face is the symbol of the divinity of Jesus. It sets Him forth as the co-eternal Son of God. His face shone with Shekinah splendor, because He was the Shekinah. Underneath the transfigured face the inspired Paul writes this inscription: "He was the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person."

VI. The next bright face of Christ as we turn the Bible album is the face on the great white throne.

We can only recognize the fact that this face is there.

VII. One face more, and with it we close

the album; it is the flashing face amid the golden candlesticks.

"And in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks was one like unto the Son of Man; and His countenance was as the sun shining in his strength."

The golden candlesticks are symbols of the Church. The face of Christ amid the golden candlesticks is the face of our Mediatorial King, who reigns for the triumph of the Church.

A final word or two.

1. Our treatment of the face of Jesus Christ is an index of our character.

2. The face of Christ affords an inexhaustible and soul-satisfying study. John in Patmos, when he wanted to put a climax upon his description of the blessedness of those who walk the golden streets and live in the celestial city, wrote, "They shall see His face." He could think of nothing equal to that, and there is nothing equal to that; for seeing His face means transformation into His likeness. "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."—Rev. David Gregg, D. D.

GOD'S GREAT PRAISING DAY.✓

"Then shall each man have his praise from God."—1 Cor. 4: 5. ✓

Luther used to often say to his people, "Let us praise God and shame the devil by singing the forty-sixth Psalm;" and then with a lusty vigor he would break forth with "Ein feste Burg"—"A mighty fortress is our God." The Psalms of praise have been the hymns of the ages. They betoken adoring love and gratitude and high appreciation; not only a sense of favors received, but more fully and truly a sense of the worth of Him who bestows the favors. We mean the quality of the giver far more than we do the quantity of the gift in any true praise we render. Hence, if praise is not often on our lips in worship we are not in key with the heavenly harmonies; our sacred song has not struck its truest and deepest notes and is out of tune.

But the inspired apostle turns the reverse side of the medal toward us today, and lets us read one of the secrets of the Almighty—"Then shall each man have his praise from God."

Herein is a marvelous thing. A day is coming when God will be at the business of giving praise. Then—when the Lord shall bring to light the hidden things of darkness and make manifest the counsels of the heart—then shall each man have his praise from God.

I. Beyond a doubt it will be genuine. There will be no gloss about it. God will not indulge in mere compliments.

Sincerity is a word of singular beauty, both in its Latin and Greek significance. It is derived from two Latin words that mean "without wax," and that were applied to vessels of ancient earthenware so perfect that there was no flaw in them needing to be filled with wax. They were *sine cera*. Hence our word "sincere." Sincerity, in the New Testament, is from two Greek words meaning "judged in the sunlight"—that which can let the sunlight flash through it all, sure to be found absolutely flawless. So sincerity in praise implies

neither overestimate nor underestimate, but perfect estimate, without wax, shot through and through with sunlight and found true.

God's praise, when He comes to give it, will be of this fine quality—genuine, sincere, true. It will represent actual worth without exaggeration and without defect.

II. Another marked feature of this praise from God will be this: it will be individual.

"Then shall each man have his praise from God." It is a distinguishing mark of the divine method that individualizes men. With God there are never any mechanical arrangements for dealing with souls in crowds. The tremendous emphasis of the gospel is on personality. God is a person. And when He made man in His own image He made him a person. Personality is one of the elements of Godlikeness. Personality is therefore the mightiest and finest thing in the universe.

Now carry this thought of the individuality of God's dealings into His praise-giving, and how it glorifies the matter! It will be no wholesale affair. It will not be simply one grand encomium, spoken to a multitudinous host, splendid as that would be. It will not be merely a sovereign's recognition of heroic service read to a battle-scarred army fresh from the deeds that make history and win immortality, splendid as that would be.

III. Discrimination is to mark the praise from God. It will have the element of perfect adaptation. It will be fitted with an exquisite delicacy to the doer and the deed.

There must be intelligence in order that discrimination shall have its finest and fullest worth, the power to discern things that differ both in fiber of deed and fiber of spirit—the ability to make nice distinctions; in other words, knowledge of the doer and of all the circumstances of the doing.

But intelligence is not all. There is a subtle something to be found in praise of the divinest sort that even knowledge cannot furnish. When, therefore, each man shall have his praise from God, the praise will be like this: it will be tenderly and delicately appreciative of deed and doer. What a great day that will be! A day of blessed surprises. God's thought of us, of each one of us, will be read out, and things long forgotten will be recalled. Battles that seemed defeats will be found to have been written down by God as victories. Lowly deeds will be given undying honor. Gifts of love that went untrumpeted on earth and were little thought of, even by the doers, will shine out with transcendent beauty and glory by the divine estimate put upon them.

IV. That praising day of God will also be a day without rebuke.

Here praise and blame go together, even from God's lips. They are a part of the discipline of life. We are not ready yet for the heavenly citizenship, but are being fitted for it. We trip and fall, we go astray, we are overborne of evil, even while we love. And God must rebuke and chasten, even as an earthly parent reproves and chides.

But when sin is ended and the plague-spot is wholly out of our hearts and we are together like the Lord, and see Him as He is,

(Continued on page 98.)



A. C. Dixon



J. R. Miller



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G. B. F. Hallock



David Gregg

1903-4

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Vol. V.

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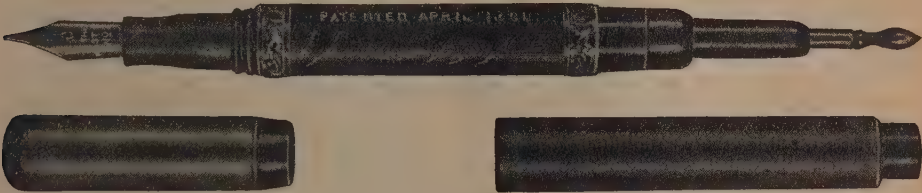
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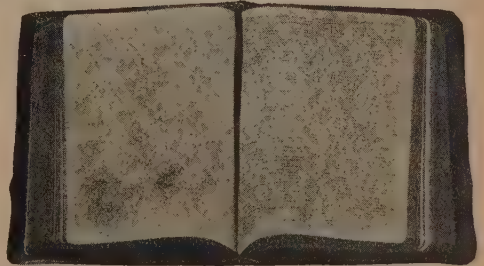
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the day of rebuke will be over. There will be no chiding, for there will be no occasion for it. The discipline of life will be finished.

My friends, some of you are honestly trying to serve God. By prayer and gift and deed of toil, by patient suffering, by self-denial, by helpful though lowly ministry, you have brought some sunshine into the world, and, for Christ's sake, have made it seem more homelike and hopeful to a homeless and hopeless heart. You have not done much for your Master, but you have wanted to. "Wait a bit and dinna weary," troubled heart; think ahead. Men, it may be, do not see thee nor heed thee nor praise thee. But bye and bye, God's great praising day shall come.

And when praises shall fall from His lips I know they will put new meaning and an exceeding wait of glory into your life. What seemed to be cross-signed here and weighted with care and even black sometimes with the clouds that gathered in it, will be radiant with the glory of God upon it in the great praising day when Christ shall tell His estimate of things.

Keep your eye on the great day of last accounts when each shall have his praise from God.

We call that last great day the judgment day. And so it is. We associate it with awe and majesty. And so we ought. But for Christ's disciples there is another side to it—a sweet and blessed side.

It has been the purpose of this word of truth to show you something of the ineffable glory of that day, when to each loyal and loving disciple shall be spoken praises by "the Master of all good workmen"—praises that should make us look toward that day with a kind of eager joy.—Rev. Herrick Johnson, D. D.

THE CRISIS OF A SOUL.

"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15:10.

What a contrast is this to the estimate of things which prevails upon the earth! Crowds of human beings, wild with enthusiasm, toss up their hats and make the air ring with their hurrahs; but it is for the victory of their national arms or the triumph of their political party. Church bells peal out their inspiring strains as if to waken man and nature to gladness and thankfulness; but it is only for a formal festival or to summon already devout souls to worship God. The faces that we gaze on in the streets do not often indicate much joy at all; but when they do it is generally only the joy of social pleasure or commercial success.

But the world of spirits which looks down upon this judges by another standard: It smiles in pity at men's love of toys that will soon be broken. These angelic eyes are eager to see other spectacles, and whenever they see a prodigal arising from his sins, and setting his face toward home, or a proud man bending on his knees before the altar and confessing in sincerity the wickedness of his pride, or a sinner of any kind, convicted of his sinfulness, and crying, "God, be merciful to me a

sinner," then the song breaks forth from the heavenly hosts.

I suggest, therefore, that in the presence of the angels of God there is known the full value of a human soul. We do not realize the value of a soul for several reasons. We think more, for example, of institutions than of individuals. The angels know that in the ultimate analysis institutions exist for men, not men for institutions.

Then again we are apt to think of external dress and circumstances rather than of the internal life which is the reality of a man. We are apt to think reputation worth more than character, forgetting that if the two differ, character will pierce through the husk of reputation and make its true form known. It does not require an angel to see the mistake of all this.

To us immortality of the soul is a faith; to them it is a vision and a fact. They have not known death. They do not stand gaping as we do into the darkness of the grave. They realize the immortality of the soul as we cannot do. They see that while the physical universe passes away, the soul which God has made He has made to live forever.

But more, they realize the capacity as well as the immortality of the soul. Immortality without capacity would amount to nothing. It would be the immortality of an animal. It is the capacity of the soul which makes its immortality so full of significance. They know the soul's capacity for happiness through the attainment of a perfect moral life and of the rapture which thrills themselves. They know its capacity for knowledge, of which the glimmerings of earthly scene and thought give trivial foregleams. They know, too, its capacity for suffering, and that the bitter trials of earth are a solemn warning to it of what, through greater losses and more bitter effects, it may endure. They know, in short, its capacity for growth that gives it supreme importance. Therefore I say they know the value of a soul.

II. This being so, I suggest further that in the presence of the angels of God there is known the curse which sin brings to any soul under its power.

They know, for example, the mind of God Himself upon the subject, and the principle of His government. Matters which to us are questions of revelation are as plain as day to them. They are like statesmen who know the will of the sovereign and have made a study of government.

Moreover, the joy which the angels have in their holy life must make them realize the horrible effects of sin. What loathing a pure mind feels for rank and black impurity!

Hence, I say, they know the curse of sin. Knowing the value of a soul, they know the awfulness of its position, if it be a sinful soul.

III. But by the considerations which I have suggested, we may now enter fully into the Saviour's meaning when He said, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." For repentance is the crisis of a soul. See what it implies.

It means that a man has wakened up to a

sense of his moral danger. A glimmering of the light in which the angels live has reached his mind. He has roused himself from the lethargy and indifference in which he has formerly lived. His eyes have been opened. He sees the immorality of sin, the godlessness of it, and by his undestroyed faith in an almighty God he knows himself to be in danger.

But repentance means still more. It means that the soul has felt not only its danger but also the wickedness of its sin. There is a great difference between the two. No man repents who merely flies from danger. Repentance means sorrow for having acted as we have.

Finally, repentance means that having been thus awakened to the danger and the wickedness of sin and having debated the question between God and His enemy, the soul has turned from sin, has condemned itself and its former master, has believed that God for Christ's sake will forgive and receive him, and has humbly turned to Him, again resolved to sin no more. This is the climax of the crisis. Belief must come, belief in God's forgiveness, belief in God's willingness to help it to a better life, belief in Christ as God's anointed Saviour for the sinner. The immortal soul turns again toward home.

There is joy for angels and men in such a sight. It means that the lost child wants to feel his Father's kiss, that the immortal spirit of man is returning from its wanderings, and that another soul is saved. Oh, what are the victories of martial valor compared with such a victory as this! What are the works of genius compared with this work of grace! What emancipation can be compared with this emancipation of an immortal soul! The Father cries, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; . . . for this my son . . . was lost, and is found." No wonder Jesus says, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one (aye, over even one) sinner that repenteth," for the crisis of an immortal soul has been turned, and the decision is for God.

There is scarcely need of any application of this subject, yet I would have you who are Christians learn from it to seek with new zeal and interest the salvation of your fellow-men.

I would make a direct appeal to every one who is unreconciled to God. You must repent. You must face the question whether you will belong to God or to sin. You are a sinner in God's sight. You need a new heart, new principles to live by, new hopes of the hereafter. There are blessed spirits waiting your decision. Christ Himself waits for it.—Rev. George T. Purves, D. D.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Text: Titus 2:14, "Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

When Peter writes concerning Christ he says that He is our example, but when Paul writes to Titus he tells him to be a pattern. A pattern is that which may be reproduced exactly, but an example that which must be

reproduced in spirit. We are not able to live exactly as Christ did, for He was in the Orient, and we are in this far different country, but we may have His spirit in all things, while on the other hand it is true that as we live in this world so others may live. It has both an encouraging and discouraging aspect; encouraging because in proportion as we are holy we may influence others; discouraging in that our imperfections are imitated and because of them men frequently go astray.

The word peculiar in the text may be translated in different ways.

First: We are a purchased people. He gave Himself for us.

Second: We are a possessed people. That He might redeem us.

Third: We are a peculiar people as the text says. Not eccentric; the strict meaning of the word is that which is unusual or above the ordinary.

I. A Purchased People.—He gave Himself for us. God is said in other places to have given His Son to die for us, as for example: John 3:16, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

But in different places it is also said that He gave Himself, and we have only to study the Scriptures to realize how free was that gift. He might have shirked the position and it might have been possible in some other way to have saved the world, but He did fully and freely give Himself that we might live, and it is not to be forgotten that He knew all the time what His sufferings were to mean.

I have read of an attempt that was one time contemplated of bridging the channel from France to Dover. The cost was simply fabulous, but is as nothing compared with the cost of making a bridge between earth and Heaven over which men might pass to know God. When God would create the world He has only to speak the word and it is done, but when He would redeem the world He must part with His beloved Son, and He must be content with the manger in Bethlehem, the life in Nazareth, the agony of Gethsemane and the bloody sweat upon the Cross.

The story is told of a missionary who saw to his horror that one of his servants was in danger of death. He threw up his hand quickly and received in his own arm the arrow that was intended for the heart of his servant, and thus saved his life. The man prostrated himself at his feet, threw his arms about him and said, "I am your slave from this time on forever." How ought we to live, who have upon us the blood of Christ? The hand that has been touched must lay hold on no thing that is against Christ; the ear that has been marked with blood must listen to no truth that is against Him, the foot which has been consecrated must walk in no way that would be against His plan for us.

II. A Possessed People.—That He might redeem us.

First: Possessing Him. There are three ways in which we may lay claim to Him.

(1) Christ with us, by which we understand that we are completely identified with

Christ. He is our substitute and sacrifice, we were crucified with Him, buried with Him, raised with Him, seated with Him, but it is also true that He is with us in every time of trouble and of need, and will be with us until the end.

(2) Christ for us. He is our High Priest and Advocate at the right hand of God, making intercession for us, calling to remembrance His life of sacrifice and substitution so that God may be just and the justifier of all that believe. We never fail but He instantly makes intercession in our behalf.

(3) Christ in us. "I live and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Just in the proportion that we have Him within us we have power.

Second: Possessed by Him. We may not live as if we were His, but as a matter of fact, we are. He made us, for without Him was not anything made that was made. God gave us to Him and we gave ourselves to Him. Then He redeemed us. I cannot but feel that because we are possessed of Christ our lives should be different.

Third: We are a people of possession. Certainly these things that belong to Him are ours. His life is ours. His peace is ours. "My peace I give unto you." His joy is ours. "These things I have spoken unto you," He said, "that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." We are a people of possession, rich in all things spiritual. Our lives certainly ought to be fruitful.

III. A Peculiar People.—We have studied this word in the Old Testament and New and find that most frequently it means a people above the common, God's special treasure. The Old Testament Israelites were a peculiar people indeed.

First: In their attire. John Robertson, the great Scotch preacher, has said that in the East still a dress is a symbol. To alter one's robe is to alter one's faith. So the Christian has a distinct dress. It is the imputed righteousness of Christ, not a thread of it is made on earth, the crimson in it is the blood, while the luster upon it is the mark of the throne. Have we not come to a time now when in our living the demand has been made upon us that we should dress as the world dresses, not in the clothing we wear, but in our habits of thought and our manner of life, and is it not true that too often there is little difference between us and the world?

Second: They were a peculiar people in speech. They spoke a different language from all other people, everything they said was different. They had a peculiar turn of the tongue that was unlike that of any one else; just as a mother watches her boy's letters from college to see if there can be noted any change in them, and suddenly she sees what she is looking for, he has found Christ and, while he uses the same alphabet and the same words, yet it is different. He has the speech of a Christian.

Third: In diet they were different. There are national dishes, there are certain things that God's people could not eat. The same is true today as in other days. Is it not true that we feed too much upon other things, upon novels, trashy literature, etc.?

The Old Testament Israelite was peculiar because he had no abiding city, he sought one to come. He was content to dwell in tents because he knew he lived in another land. We ought to have the same spirit. With a Christian every pull of his heart ought to be heavenward, Godward and Christward, and if we are too much centered upon the things of this world it is rather a good indication that we are not where God wants us to be.—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

GIVING THANKS.✓

"In everything give thanks."—1 Thess. 5:18. ✓

Thanksgiving day of 1620 is our theme today. Plymouth Rock is the pulpit. The mighty trees of the American forests are the massive pillars of the sanctuary. Our dome is the blue skies of the heavens. The sunshine of the "Indian summer," which derived its name from the time of Massasoit's visit to the Plymouth colony to be the pilgrim guest on their first Thanksgiving day, shall be our illumination. The waves of the fathomless deep, with their white fingers of foam playing upon the many keys of projecting rock, shall lead in our singing. The bold, bluff hillsides overlooking the harbor of Plymouth shall be our auditorium. And we shall gather within these four walls as worshippers the stern-faced, iron-muscled and godly voyagers of the little sailing-ship Mayflower, whose sacrifices made the pilgrims' first Thanksgiving day a possibility. 'Surely if Governor Bradford and Elder Brewster and Captain Miles Standish and Edward Winslow and Isaac Allerton and John Alden and that little band of two score and ten men and women and children had anything to be thankful for years ago we Americans now living ought to welcome Thanksgiving day with open arms.

I. The first Thanksgiving day was really a harvest home festival. On that memorable morning the new governor—for John Carver, the first governor, had lately died—personally led his people and guests into the house of worship, where a religious service was held. There the psalms were sung. There the prayers were offered. There Elder William Brewster thanked God that He who had fed the flying birds and had clothed with fur the wild beasts of the forests had fed and clothed and protected them. Then the rest of the day was spent as a home day.

Yes, even amid all their troubles and sorrows the pilgrim fathers had many, many blessings surrounding them on that first Thanksgiving day. And it is to catalogue some of their ancient blessings, as well as some of the multitudinous blessing of our own time, that I preach this sermon.

II. The pilgrim fathers rejoiced in religious liberty. They rejoiced that they could not only worship Christ in their own way and according to their own belief, but also because they could select their own pastors and elders and deacons and have their own kind of church government. It was in order to win this religious liberty that the little band of pilgrims first endured the persecutions in the village of Scrooby, England. It was to win this kind of religious liberty that in 1608 they emi-

grated from the English shores and became exiles in Amsterdam. It was in order to win this religious liberty that the little band of pilgrims in 1609 broke away from Amsterdam and, under their pastor, the famous John Robinson, went to Leyden, and it was in order to win this religious liberty that the immortal 102 passengers of the Mayflower finally crossed the seas and emigrated to a new and unknown world. Religious liberty means more than life and comfort and money to strong, consecrated men. It means their combined temporal and spiritual existence. The spirit which led the descendants of the pilgrim fathers a century and a half later to shed their blood at Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, to prove that "taxation without representation was wrong and must not exist" was the same spirit which made the pilgrim fathers on America's first Thanksgiving day rejoice in religious liberty. They thanked God for religious liberty, even though the dead sleeping on Burial hill outnumbered the living. They thanked God for religious liberty, even though, to protect it, they had to go to church armed. While the main congregation prayed with their eyes shut, their sentinels on guard had to pray with their keen, vigilant eyes wide open.

III. Let us thank God that when we arise in the morning we can gather our little children about the family altar and have morning prayers without having any Lord Claverhouse pounding upon our door or without hearing the tramp of any "Bloody" McKenzie's hirelings ready to lead us out to execution.

My friend, there ought to be a lesson for us in the pilgrim father's gratitude to God for the supplying of their necessary temporal wants. You can thank God that you have enough clothes to keep you warm and enough good, plain, wholesome food to eat. Should your table be simply spread you can thank God with the same humble, beautiful Christian spirit with which Elder William Brewster of Plymouth colony gave thanks.

IV. Our national prosperity was never so great as today. If we were to cross the seas and recount to the inhabitants of any other land all the temporal blessings with which we are surrounded, those foreign inhabitants would not believe the Utopian stories we would tell them. They would be as skeptical about our Munchausen-like tales as the relatives of one of Dr. William S. Breckinridge's parishioners were supposed to be.

It was during a time of great plenty in Kentucky. Food at that time was so abundant as to be practically without value. But one day this parishioner came to Dr. Breckinridge and asked him to write to his family in Ireland. Among other things he said, "Tell them I have meat twice a week, without fail." "Why, Patrick," said Dr. Breckinridge, "you know that is not the full truth. You know you can have and do have meat every meal of every day instead of only two times a week." "I know that, your honor," was the prompt reply, "but if I told my old father and mother, who rarely have meat in Ireland more than once a week, that meat was so plentiful in America that I could have it twenty times a

week they would not believe another word that I might ever say."—Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

A THANKSGIVING HEART. ✓

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1:7. ✓

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." I suppose you know that this expression is a figurative one, intended to convey a spiritual thought. The blood of Jesus Christ does not mean the literal blood that flowed from His body on the cross. But it does mean His life. The "life" of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin, or in other words, the "life" of Jesus Christ healeth all our spiritual diseases.

Now, there are two ways in which Christ's spirit does this. One is by external application and the other by internal. Wherever there is life of Christ or any other form of life there is healthfulness in the increasing cleanliness.

I. I remember seeing a district in Norway where the malaria had been so bad that the people had abandoned their homes and farms, and where a very wise man from Stockholm planted pine trees that changed entirely the character of the valley. When the balsam pines began to grow and thrust their roots downward into the marshes and took up the poison there the lovely spot became inhabitable, and the people were healthful and strong. It had been changed by an outward application. Wherever life comes in there must necessarily come in healing. An external application of this thought is illustrated by the peat beds of Ireland. There were portions where the people could not live, yet they found that peat was very valuable. The people rushed in to make money. They uncovered the peat pits, which was the worst thing you would think that they could have done in a malarial district, because it let out the dangerous gases from the earth. But the sun came down on the uncovered peat beds and by its refining and purifying influence it absorbed the gases and made chemical changes in the surface of these peat beds, until, four years after they were open, they found the action of the sun had so cleansed them that there were no longer any dangerous fevers there. They work the open peat beds now with the completeness of safety. So it is sometimes that the human heart, the soul, is cleansed from sin by the healing life, the spirit of Christ externally applied. There are a great many external influences. We read the Bible, that is external; we go to church, that is external; we put ourselves in association with Christian people, that is external; and it may be that their influence on us will be sufficiently strong to work inward like an outward medical application towards the seat of the disease in the heart. If you wish to cure disease, you take baths, wholly external. Many diseases are cured by baths by the action of heat or cold, or the effect of water upon the surface of the skin. We apply electricity externally. Exercise is external; heat is used externally; massage is used in the

(Continued on page 111.)

PRAYER MEETING DEPARTMENT.

"STUDIES IN THE TEACHING OF JESUS AND HIS APOSTLES."

By E. I. BOSWORTH, D. D.

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JESUS' CONCEPTION OF MEN AS POTENTIAL DISCIPLES.

Jesus' Conception of What it is for a Man to Live.

1. Another word which was frequently upon Jesus' lips, as He thought of the possibilities of the interesting human personalities with which He had to do, was the word "life," or "eternal life." The expression "alive" seems to be synonymous with "found" (cf. Luke 15: 24) or "saved," and it is easy to see why this is so. Life is sometimes defined as the adaptation of an organism to its surroundings. The fish floundering in the mud cannot live because of the lack of such adaptation, whereas, pushed into the water to which its organism is adapted it lives. What, then, are the essential features in the surroundings of man? Looking above the realm of air and food, they are persons, God, the supreme Person, and men. What is such adaptation to this personal environment as constitutes life? Jesus' reply to this question is perfectly clear: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." "This do and thou shalt live." Read Luke 10: 25-28. Cf. John 17: 3.

In other words, he who treats God as a real Father and men as real brothers, who takes his proper place in God's family, as was said in yesterday's study, "lives" in Jesus' conception of the word.

2. Read on through Luke 10:30-37, in which Jesus draws a picture of a man who was "alive" and contrasts him with two men who, though professional religionists, were nevertheless not "alive." Then read again vv. 25-28, 37. What was it that constituted this man "alive"?

In Mark 10: 17-22 study Jesus' treatment of another man who had some desire to begin to "live" (v. 17). The requirement made in v. 21 is not an arbitrary one, nor one made simply to test his readiness to obey. In the very nature of things the only way for the young man to begin to "live" was to begin to be a true brother to other men, and in following Jesus to be a true son to God. In this connection read once more Matt. 25: 34-40.

3. Human life is an era of beginnings. A physician bends anxiously over a patient, until his skilled eye detects certain favorable symptoms, and then turns away saying, "He will live!" although the patient has still before him many a weary week in bed. So it may be that when God detects the beginnings of a really unselfish love for Himself and His children in us, He can say that we have begun to live, though the beginnings of life be but feeble and require long nursing for their development into strength.

Jesus' Desire for Disciples.

1. Jesus felt confident that by becoming His disciples men would begin to "live," or be "saved," or "found." In the Gospel of John particularly He steadily connects believing on Him with the attainment of eternal life. See John 6: 40.

It remains to be asked how believing on Jesus, or becoming His disciple, can give a man "life." To believe in Jesus, as was seen in Study II, Sixth Day, is to surrender to Him in loving trust as the Lord and Friend He represents Himself to be. Such surrender necessarily involves the loving of God as a Father and one's neighbor as one's self that constitutes life, for Jesus Christ in His own person represents to us both God and men. He is God in His clearest manifestation of Himself, so that to love Him is to love God. He also has devoted Himself to men, so that to attach one's self to Him is to join Him in His devotion to men. See the evidence of this in Mark 10: 21, where Jesus was directing the young man into life (v. 17).

2. Does Jesus hold that all men need to become disciples in order to have life? Consider whether the following statements do, or do not, assume the universal selfishness of humanity: Luke 11: 13; 13: 1-5; John 3: 1-6. Add any other statements that occur to you.

3. Does Jesus hold that all men are capable of becoming disciples? Consider the bearing of Matt. 11: 28-30; 28: 19, 20 on this point. Jesus' universal interest in men of all classes seems to imply His confidence that there is a capacity for discipleship in every man; that every man by virtue of simply being a man is capable of becoming a true son to God and a true brother to his fellow-men. Jesus carried with Him, as He went about among men, a certain confident hopefulness that was nevertheless not based on a superficially optimistic view of their needs; and the results justified His expectation. He came sometimes with His friendly offer of discipleship to what others had abandoned as the mere wreckage and ruin of a human personality, and found that something in the wreckage and ruin rose up in response with a glad sense of surprise and new possibility.

4. In the light of these conceptions, imagine the deep desire of heart with which He spoke such words as Matt. 11: 28-30; 28: 19, 20.

JESUS' CONCEPTION OF THE DISCIPLE IN RELATION TO HIMSELF.

Jesus' Conception of the Disciple as Learning His Teaching.

1. It is due to the Jewish environment of early Christianity that the adherents of Jesus are called "disciples." The Jewish Rabbis had disciples, and the adherents of Jesus were naturally called by the same title. The name is not found at all in the Epistles, and in the Gospels it often designates the Twelve; but through the influence of the wider application in the Gospels—particularly in Luke's

Gospel—and in the Acts, it has become a part of the permanent vocabulary of the Church.

2. Its primary meaning, a "learner," has appealed to the Christian consciousness as a permanently appropriate designation. Jesus emphasized this aspect of discipleship. He was ordinarily addressed by His disciples as "Teacher" (usually translated "Master"), and applied the title to Himself, Matt. 23:8; 26:18; John 13:13. The word very frequently used to designate His public or private speaking is the word "teach," e. g., Matt. 5:2.

3. His disciples were those from whom He expected a long and attentive hearing. Note the impressive way in which He expressed this idea at certain critical times, Matt. 11:15; 13:9, 16, 43; Luke 14:35. Note also the special pains He took to instruct the inner circle of disciples, Mark 4:10, 11, 33, 34, and His emphasis of "commandments," John 15:10. His great rest-call to the multitudes (Matt. 11:28-30) was in the phraseology of the teaching rabbi, though it required, as will be seen later, more than mere listening to instruction. It was this work of teaching His disciples which He found Himself for evident reasons unable to complete, John 16:12.

Note also the prominence of this function in His program for His Kingdom, Matt. 28:19, 20. Cf. one phrase in Acts 2:42.

4. It is a happy circumstance that the Church of our day, in obedience to this conception of discipleship, is turning to the "Teaching of Jesus." Books bearing this title, or some modification of it, are appearing in great numbers. Perhaps the time is not far distant when it will be recognized as absurd for one to assume the rôle of a "disciple" and make no effort to learn the teaching of his Teacher.

Jesus' Conception of the Disciple in Personal Association with Himself.

1. The disciple is thought of not simply as one who is learning that which is to be taught by spoken or written words. The language in which Jesus sometimes invited men to become disciples is significant. See for instance Matt. 9:9; John 1:43. The expression indicates, in such connection, a more or less permanent "accompanying." It was not an invitation to listen to lectures at certain hours, but an invitation to personal association. Read once more the first half of Mark 3:14, in which is made a partial statement of the purpose and nature of discipleship in the case of the Twelve. Turn again to Matt. 11:28-30, noting that, although verbal teaching is doubtless involved, it is nevertheless His own personality (v. 29) that is cited as the source of rest.

2. It has already been noted in the study of Jesus' consciousness, Study VI, Fourth Day, that He anticipated spiritual association with His disciples after His disappearance from the earth. The significance of this from the disciples' standpoint is to be considered here. Conceive yourself to be one of those mentioned in Matt. 18:20 or in the last clause of 28:20. The Church has, probably with good right, conceived the statements made to the Twelve in John 14-16 to be applicable to all disciples. Note there in such sentences as 14:23; 15:5 the

permanent personal association with Himself which Jesus anticipated for the disciples.

3. It is this aspect of the thought of Jesus that gives such force to the word "disciple" as a designation of the Christian of to-day. His discipleship does not consist in such admiring study of the extant teaching of his Master as might be accorded to the works of Confucius, nor is a reverent regard for His memory. There is a present personal contact of personalities. The influence of the Teacher is experienced by the disciple day by day as that of a contemporary personality. The disciple of Jesus is one who is learning from Jesus to be a true son to God and a true brother to his fellow-men; and he learns this not merely from Jesus' teaching, but from daily association with the personality of Jesus.

Jesus' Conception of the Mutual Love of the Disciple and his Lord.

1. We have now to investigate the nature of this close relationship between Jesus and His disciple.

Read again Matt. 10:37-39 and its more strenuous parallel, Luke 14:25-33, and see what Jesus expected of the disciple. The Twelve were such inveterate office-seekers all through Jesus' lifetime (Luke 22:24, 25) that it is not easy to ascertain to what extent they became personally attached to Him. There is one touching exhibition of such personal attachment on the part of a member of the group who seems to have been among the more stolid, less spiritually alert (John 20:25), but perhaps also less politically ambitious, members of the group. Read John 11:7-16.

We have in this connection a glimpse of the affection with which Jesus was regarded in the Bethany home, John 11:1-3; and we have a suggestive expression of Jesus' hungry appreciation of such personal affection, Mark 14:6-9.

2. There is no doubt about Jesus' devotion to His disciples. Read Matt. 12:46-50. In His last hours He seemed, according to the Gospel of John, to cast off reserve and give unrestrained expression to His feelings. Read the strong language in John 15:9 and try to imagine the tone and the look with which He said what is recorded in vv. 13-15. He felt that He must have them always with Him, 17:24; 14:3. It is evident from 17:20 that unborn disciples were included in His thought. It is not strange that John, remembering these tender last hours, should preface his account of them with the statement found in 13:1 (marginal reading).

The solicitude for His disciples expressed in John 18:8 is suggestive in this connection, as is the speedy message to them after the resurrection, John 20:17.

The representation of the Synoptic Gospels, though more meagre, is in accord with that of John's Gospel. Note the readiness to share expressed in Luke 22:28-30, and the solicitude for His disciples expressed in verses 31, 32. See also the broad, affectionate identification of Himself with all disciples in Matt. 25:35-40.

NOTE—This book, 217 pages, will be sent postpaid for \$1.00 by F. M. Barton, Cleveland, Ohio.

UNUSUAL.

A story is told about Wendell Phillips—a story that must have made even the serious-minded Abolitionist laugh heartily.

Wendell Phillips was in a hotel at Charleston, had breakfast in his room, and was served by a slave. Mr. Phillips spoke to him as an Abolitionist, but the waiter seemed to be more concerned about the breakfast than about himself. Finally, Mr. Phillips told him to go away, saying that he could not bear to be waited upon by a slave.

The other remonstrated: "'Scuse me, massa, but I's 'bliged to stay yere, 'cause I'se 'sponsible fo' de silverware."

An engineer was killed in a wreck out on the road. The duty of informing the widow was delegated to a friend of the deceased. He telegraphed, "Mr. Knowles, injured in a wreck; neck roken, right leg broken in two places; will reach home with the body at four P. M." Two hours later the distressed widow received another telegram, which read, "Cheer up; injuries not as bad as at first supposed; neck broken, but leg only broken in one place; meet corpse at four P. M."

A commercial traveler who occupied the same car with a clergyman asked him if he had ever heard that in Paris as often as a priest was hanged a donkey was hanged at the same time. The victim of the joke replied in his blandest manner, "Well, then, let us both be glad we are not in Paris."

Prof. Blackie told the following story on himself. He was accosted by a dirty little bootblack with his "Shine your boots, sir?"

The professor was impressed by the filthiness of the boy's face.

"I don't want a shine, my lad," said he. "But if you go and wash your face, I'll give you sixpence."

"A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply. Then he went over to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning he held out his hand for the money.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, "You have earned your sixpence. Here it is."

"I dinna want it, auld chap," returned the boy, with a lordly air. "Ye can keep it an' get yer hair cut!"—Christian Observer.

A country minister in a certain location took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner:

"Brothers and sisters, I have come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love one another, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary; your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.'

"Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye."

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the old man, with as much fierceness as he could assume. "Well," said the young man, "I don't want to, but I suppose I'll have to be if I marry your daughter."—Tit-Bits.

Rev. John McNeil once complained in a speech that his Scotch hearers could soak up a large amount of preaching. That isn't peculiar to the Scotch. Many Americans soak up any quantity of preaching; then by rapid evaporation it hardens the man, and the last state of that American is worse than the first—that means very bad.

One of the duties of Archbishop Temple is to examine young curates who come to him for license. One day a young curate was asked by the archbishop to read a few verses from the Bible, that the examiner might judge of his fitness for conducting public worship. "Not loud enough," was the criticism of the archbishop when the young man had finished. "Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that, my lord!" replied the curate. "A lady in the church yesterday told me I could be heard most plainly." "Ah! Are you engaged?" suddenly asked Dr. Temple. "Yes, my lord." The archbishop smiled grimly, and said: "Now listen to me, young man. While you are engaged don't believe everything the lady tells you; but," he added with a deep chuckle, "after you are married, believe every word she says."

"GIVE ME WHAT'S LEFT?
THERE AIN'T GOIN'
TO BE ANY

WHEATLET

LEFT," Where Children Are.

They relish and thrive on Wheatlet because it comes nearest to what Nature intended for man's proper sustenance. The full, rich flavor of wheat, such as no other mills grind, appeals to everyone; so that even cold Wheatlet sliced and fried is most appetizing.

WHEATLET

has been successfully on the market for twenty-four years, which is ample proof of its high quality and superiority. Big sample for 6 cts and grocer's name.

You have the guarantee of our world-wide reputation back of Franklin Pancake Flour—the finest Pancake Flour ever produced.

Ask your grocer for Franklin Mills products to be sure of the original whole wheat foods.

The Franklin Mills Company,
"All the Wheat that's Fit to Eat,"
737 Franklin Square, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

QUOTABLE POETRY.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING.

By Alice Garland Steele.

Jonah 2: 9.

For this glad day, and other days
In which we may Thy goodness praise;
For sunshine, and the warmth it brings;
For fruit and flowers, and all the things
Which Thou dost send us from on high,
And, without end, to each supply;
For raiment, food, for life and love,
For all rich blessings from above—
Father, we thank Thee!

For sorrow, Lord, for suffering, loss,
For strength to bear each little cross,
Because, through sorrow, we may be
Perfected and made pure in Thee;
For Thy dear hand to lead us on,
For promises to rest upon,
For hopes of years that never cease,
For heaven, and Thine eternal peace—
Father, we thank Thee!

—Christian Advocate.

A CHILD'S THANKSGIVING.

I thank Thee, Father in the skies,
For this dear home so warm and bright;
I thank Thee for the sunny day
And for the sleepy, starry night.

I thank Thee for my father's arms,
So big and strong to hold me near;
I thank Thee for my mother's face;
I thank Thee for my dolly dear.

I thank Thee for the little birds
That eat my crumbs upon the sill;
I thank Thee for the pretty snow
That's coming down so soft and still.

O Father, up there in the skies,
Hear me on this Thanksgiving day,
And please read in my little heart
The "thank yous" I forget to say.
—Kate Whiting Patch, in Kindergarten News.

PRAISE.

Thou who sendest sun and rain,
Thou who spendest bliss and pain,
Good with bounteous hand bestowing,
Evil, for Thy will allowing—
Though Thy ways we cannot see,
All is just that comes from Thee.

In the peace of hearts at rest,
In the child at mother's breast,
In the lives that now surround us,
In the deaths that sorely wound us,
Though we may not understand,
Father, we behold Thy hand.

Hear the happy hymn we raise;
Take the love which is Thy praise;
Give content in each condition;
Bend our hearts in sweet submission,
And Thy trusting children prove
Worthy of the Father's love.

—Bayard Taylor.

INVOCATION.

For all the good that crowns each day,
For sunny path, and smooth-paved way,
For song of birds, and flow'rets gay,
We give Thee praise!

For clouds that lower and weep in rain,
For hopes that woo us, but are vain,
For all our sadness, grief and pain,
We give Thee praise!

Since what by us is counted ill
Has some good mission to fulfill,
For whate'er comes our hearts will still
Give Thee glad praise!

—Lucy Sherman Mitchell, in Progress.

LESSONS FROM THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

By Thos. J. Cross.

At the close of the month I recall the events
of a local character, enlarging upon other
lessons from a three-fold standpoint.

Lessons from nature, history and Scripture:
This month reminds us of coming winter.
Among the signs we all have noticed the
fogs. Fogs have prevailing characteristics:
Black fog is unhealthy—so is unbelief.

Day fog is gloomy—so is uncertainty.
Thick fog is dangerous—so is carelessness.
Lifted fog is blessing—so is light and love.

How the fogs of sin hide the beams of the
sun of righteousness; how they blot out the
stars of promise; how they depress the souls
of men. What lessons we can gain from the
fogging days of November.

B. How nature is seen as we receive the
first indication of real winter as we see the
snow-flakes descending. What a mission they
have—what the plumage is to the bird—what
wool is to the animal—so snow is to the
ground. What a covering for mother earth;
what a mantle! How beautiful an old barrel
becomes when covered. What beautiful lives
have resulted from the covering of Christ's
robe.

A solitary snow-flake can be melted by the
breath of an infant a few weeks old, yet let
enough fall and they shall stop engines, yes,
upset plans of Napoleon in crossing Europe.

What a factor the month can be at our
November election. A member chosen from
Utah to congress; men elected to legislative
halls who favor open saloons on Sunday;
the return of loyal, loving, God fearing men
to make laws for another six years! But what
would these events all be unless we had the
word of God to warn, to guide, to lead us?

The spiritual blessings—the events that
occur in the month according to recognized
scholars: The Gospel of Mark 4: 39, with
the account of the tempest that was stilled by
the Master; could men but realize Jesus Christ
was willing to help them when in the storms
of life what different men we might have in
our churches. Again look at Luke's Gospel,
5: 6. The great draught of fishes. Think of
it. Christ interested in a man's business!
Again, Luke's Gospel 5: 13. A leper cleansed;
sick healed; "and He is just the same today!"

SERMON DEPARTMENT.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Contributed to Current Anecdotes by CHARLES WAGNER, author of "The Simple Life," "The Better Way," etc.



CHARLES WAGNER.

[An author who has been making a stir of late in the intellectual world is Charles Wagner, now a Protestant pastor in Paris. He was born January, 1852, in Alsace, and so was country bred. His ancestors have been Protestant pastors for several generations. The condition of society in Alsace after its annexation by Germany determined him to depart for Paris, which he entered in 1882, rapidly becoming a power even in that great city. The little upstairs chapel on Rue des Arquebusiers, where he began preaching, has been exchanged for a handsome hall on the Boulevard Beaumarchais. Not only have his sermons been a power in Paris, but he has published several little books which have had a far wider audience. The best known of these is "The Simple Life," which, President Roosevelt has declared, "ought to be used as a tract throughout the country." In the Brooklyn pulpit during the past year the Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, of the Collegiate church, and the Rev. John White Chadwick have preached sermons suggested by this book.

It is a plea for simplicity. "Is it a vanished good?" asks Mr. Wagner. "If simplicity depended upon certain exceptional conditions, found only in rare epochs of the past, we must indeed renounce all idea of realizing it again. Civilization is no more to be brought back to its beginnings than the flood-tide of a river to the peaceful valley where alders meet above its source. But simplicity does not belong to such and such economic or social phases: rather, it is a spirit, able to vivify and modify lives of very different sorts." And again: "Simplicity is a state of mind. It dwells in the main intention of our lives. A man is simple when his chief care is the wish to be what he ought to be, honestly and naturally human." In the delightful chapter on "Sim-

ple Pleasures," Mr. Wagner says: "Wherever life is simple and sane, true pleasure accompanies it as fragrance does uncultivated flowers." "Pleasure and money: people take them for the two wings of the same bird! Pleasure, like all other truly precious things in this world, cannot be bought or sold. If you wish to be amused you must do your part toward it; that is the essential. There is no prohibition against opening your purse, but it is not indispensable. Pleasure and simplicity are two old acquaintances. Entertain simply, meet your friends simply. If you come from work well done, are as amiable and genuine as possible toward your companions, and speak no evil of the absent, your success is sure."

The latest book of Mr. Wagner's is "The Better Way," as it is called in the translation; the title in the French is "L'Ami," The Friend. This is in the form of a dialogue between the author and "The Friend." The most beautiful part of the book is the first section, "Souvenirs," which our critic has called a "Gospel of Fatherhood." The book is dedicated to his son, a youth who had recently died, and the "Souvenirs" are memories of him. One or two extracts from the later sections of the book will give an idea of the style.

"In the very depths of yourself dig a grave. Let it be like some forgotten spot to which no path leads: and there, in the eternal silence, bury the wrongs you have suffered. Your heart will feel as if a weight had fallen from it, and a divine peace will come to abide with you."

"Man is very small and very great. He is great to God-ward, on the side of his destiny; and here he knows nothing of himself, sets himself at naught. He is small on his own side, in his role, in his stage glory; and it is here that he takes himself most seriously. He is as the fool who chose to live in the kennel of his own castle."

Both books are published by McClure, Phillip & Co., of New York.

In response to a request that Mr. Wagner contribute to Current Anecdotes one of his sermons, he forwarded the one on "Love Your Enemies."—Ed.]

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.)

Matt. 5: 44. v

I hear these words and, beneath my feet, I seem to see the opening of an unfathomable abyss. Measuring its depth with a look, I hear ringing in my memory the old saying of the prophets: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Only stellar measurements can symbol the immense distance fixed between finite beings and

Justice, between that which we are by certain instincts and that which the Gospel would make us.

Hatred of our enemy is one of our strongest passions. Our greatest glory is to appear arrayed in the booty of which we have stripped him. Truly, the savage with blood-stained hands, glorying in the scalps of his rivals pendant from his belt, is the exact type of human nature.

But in this rudimentary being, coarse, ferocious, corrupted, Christ perceives infinite virtues. In this human beast, His glance discerns a brother. Thus, in the rough granite, the artist traces the outlines of the statue in which the rock shall become flesh—flesh, all quivering with life.

If every lofty goal proposed is a sign of faith in him who is incited to pursue it, what ardent faith did Christ not manifest in humanity, to dare, seeing it as it is, to say seriously: "Love your enemies," while adding: "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect."

The disproportion between the goal and those before whom it is held up has given the effect of a certain exaggeration. Positive minds have seen in this order an absence of grasp of the subject. Christians have often drawn the conclusion of a dogmatic mental reservation. Jesus would point out the inaccessible, in order to awaken contrition and the humble confession that all are miserable sinners, saved by grace alone. Therefore they fail to give serious consideration to the honorable injunction of the Master, become for them but sacred irony, forgetting that the clear proof that one is a miserable sinner, does not imply the necessity of remaining one. There are moments when to be resigned is to be contemptible. We shall now, respectfully and adoringly, seat ourselves as inquirers at the feet of Jesus and consider His words as if He had really meant to say that which He actually did say.

One preliminary observation is necessary: "Thou shalt hate thine enemy," is not a text of the Old Testament. To oppose on this point the Law and the Gospel, Jewish and Christian morality, is an error and an injustice. To make an attempt to charge the rabbis of the Talmud with the precept in question would be pure childishness. Can one reasonably hold that any private individual, corporation or race could have invented and codified hatred of one's enemies?

Do you wish to know the author of the passage cited by Christ, the doctor who inspired the ancients, Jewish as well as Pagan, with hatred toward their enemies? I know him. He belongs no more to Hebrew than to Pagan literature. He is contemporaneous with every age. We call him "the old man." No one is more ancient than he, and it is also impossible to conceive of any one more modern.

Let us then leave the Jews and the Pagans undisturbed. Let the rabbis and the philosophers sleep in peace! We have to do with the Christian, let us then study our own hearts and life about us. Our conscience will tell us whether the author of the text quoted upon

the mountain is not "the old man" himself—the evil one. "Down with the enemy!" is the hideous counsel whispered to each one of us by his inferior nature. It is the whole code of the old serpent dormant within us. Never has an author nor an orator had more success than he. Christ challenges him directly, establishing a direct antagonism between that which suggests the old code and that which He, Himself, demands in the name of God and of our superior origin.

The distance between the two points of view is great. In order to bridge it, we shall need a ladder comparable in height to that of Jacob. The rounds which we must climb are numerous, indeed. We shall indicate a few. As to the beginning, there exists no doubt at all, for the first step leading from hate to love—a step of considerable height—is indicated in these words: "Eye for eye and tooth for tooth."

Perhaps you think that this requires proof; and in this you are not mistaken. May the proof, please God, be as easy to furnish.

The old adage "Eye for eye and tooth for tooth," is in bad odor. It has a decided taint of ferocity. We are accustomed to see in it the expression of savagery in human relations. But this is the effect of routine and ingratitude. "Eye for eye and tooth for tooth" is a law of justice. Justice, relative, moderate, whatever you wish, but justice nevertheless. It is this, then, that Jesus meant. Where He opposes this point of view to His, He is comparing among themselves two forms of justice. Note that we have not in any way to do with the ideal of the old alliance in contrast with that of the new. The Law and the Prophets lift themselves above the "eye for eye and tooth for tooth" and to an immense height. Would they otherwise have been able to believe in the existence of another world, could Christ then have opened a horizon so distant, if an initial step had not been taken?

All this, my brethren, is true. I confess it with shame; for finally it is not reasonable that it should fail to incite us to make some effort to reach the level of retaliation, two thousand years after the star of Calvary has risen in the sky. But this is positively just where we are. And when I say this, I do not refer to the thousands deprived of light and belief. I have in mind Christian nations, and practices current among so-called disciples of Christ.

For the great majority of people and individuals, conformation to this much decried and despised maxim would mark notable progress. "Eye for eye and tooth for tooth" represents to us the strict proportion between the offense and its return in kind—its exact duplication. Just God! How small the compensation seems to our thirst for vengeance once awakened! Truly, for the man given up to the dictates of his inferior nature, it practically does not exist at all. His hatred knows no bounds. Observe the course of life! The purest wheat dropped into the fertile furrow, yields a meagre return compared to the luxuriant harvests of hate which offense causes to ripen in our hearts. For an eye, two are demanded and this is clemency

itself. Was not the lost eye our own? But by what excess of impudence do you pretend to value this precious part of yourself so highly as to include the two eyes of the other? Verily, at the price of each one's self-esteem and indifference, the whole body of the other would be all insufficient to recompense us. Speaking then fairly, guarding all proportions, in taking an eye, we are goodness itself.

Alas! That which I write is not a picture of manners, but simple photography, common as those scenes and views offered at every street corner. But if you wish a choice example, you have but to stretch out the hand. Was it a Jewish king or a chief crowned with raven plumes, who recently coined the too famous pronouncement: "For a countryman massacred, bombard a city." No, it was the proposal of a great shepherd of souls, supreme dignitary of the church and, on the whole, an excellent Christian. But if these things appear in the twig, what may we expect in the tree? We shall have need, the spectacle of our society proves it, we shall have need of certain rude prophets, flanked on either side by gladiators, to enter lash in hand into the midst of these enraged beasts, crying out: "Silence! Eye for eye and tooth for tooth!" This point gained, this height climbed, we shall be able to approach another leading to the distant goal indicated by Jesus. In order to attain to the love of one's enemy, behold the second degree: Love your friends.

The Master said: "If ye love your friends, what do ye?" Do we infer that since the heathen do the same, the sentiment is without value? This would be to read in something foreign to that which is written. In reality, Christ holds love of one's friends to be a normal thing, something in the natural order, to be taken for granted as a matter of course and to which no merit attaches. Jesus does not even seem to suppose that it could be otherwise and at the outset requires that this degree shall be passed. But it is just here that to me the situation seems grave, alarming even. For, finally, I fear that we are taken in default as to this love of friends, supposed to be very common, but absolutely insufficient.

Do we love our friends, my brethren? Do we love them truly, warmly, in an active and devoted fashion? You know well that this is not the case. Among friends, there are usually in evidence quite other sentiments than those of affection. To be jealous of one another, is that love? To love one another, as one loves good wine or delicious fruit, is that love? Is it not rather mutual interest? There is a sweet way of practicing "Eye for eye and tooth for tooth" in friendship even; an exchange of caress for caress; attention for attention. But since when has love become marketable? To love one another, is it not rather to be kind without thought of return; to have discovered that secret unknown to selfish souls; to find giving more blessed than receiving? We inflict the name friendship on mutual indulgence, carried out often to the point of complicity or cowardice. But let us turn from these counterfeits and lying make-shifts of love to consider what is the degree

and the warmth of our truly sincere friendships. For myself, I must confess that I have noticed much lukewarmness in sentiment. It is not intense in family circles. Among citizens, attachments, even when ideally developed, have a touch of coldness. As to churches and sacristies, there is strife among brethren. The world is cold. One does not love his friends, as Christ knew how to love them, with all the ardor and the sacred fire which constitute the charm of life. In secret, more than one will approve when I say: As to enemies, it is impossible not to have some. Perhaps, after all, they are necessary; but how one could console oneself at having them for the thorns of existence, if one's friends were really its roses!

But why push the avowal further? Still, you well know that I have only gone half way. For there are ingrates cursing those who bless them. There are locked hearts, repulsing outstretched hands.

Love your friends, love them all. Let the Messenger of Eternal Goodness search and purify your soul and question you.

Wife, do you love your husband? Husband, do you love your wife?

Parents, do you love your children? Children, do you love your parents? Churchmen, do you love your brethren? Citizens, do you love your compatriots? There is an immense field for training us in sentiments of cordiality, of active and vigorous tenderness, for preluding on most engaging subjects, the difficult love of the enemy.

At this point the natural order of ideas calls forth one remark. There certainly are true, sincerely devoted friends. To this, I shall answer. Let this love continue. Do not say: "I have opened my heart, I have experienced the tenderest love toward my friends. Henceforth, turning this charming leaf of the book of life, I shall consecrate myself wholly to deciphering the more difficult page of the love of enemies." To do this would be a grave error. The love of one's friends is not one of those childish practices abandoned at mature age, but should be continued through life. Do not imagine that you will deprive the enemy of that which is accorded to the friend. No, love toward your friend will aid you to endure first, and then to love your enemy. It is an aberration of mind to deprive oneself of pleasant intercourse in order to associate with disagreeable people, upon whom, perhaps, it is necessary to inflict one's society. The heart grows bitter in these *lours de force* against nature. Let us simply take the example of Christ Himself. His life is a commentary upon His words and serves to illustrate them. Did He, that friend of souls, neglect or lose a single opportunity of being near those who loved Him? Did He at Bethany regret the presence of the haggling scribes? Did He begrudge the hours given to James and John, during which He might have gone forth to combat, to thorny strife, better calculated than soothing peace to exercise His patience and to aggrandize His merit? But no, Christ was human. Nothing unnatural is pleasing to His spirit. The suppression of the love of friends and its re-

placement by the rare love of enemies, has no place in His plan.

All this being clearly defined and understood, there remains nothing less than that He should say to us: "Love your enemies." The first steps having been climbed, let us mount still higher, let us reach those regions seldom frequented—spots of rare beauty—like to those lofty mountain solitudes where all creation is resplendent with a light elsewhere unknown. He who has seen them desires that all should come hither; but one can wander there long days without encountering a single soul. It is thither that Jesus would guide our steps. First of all, let me say that His word suffices me, since it radiates with the light of His life. At His command alone, I am disposed to make the effort. But some good reasons for my encouragement will do me no harm. Is it a sign of deference or of mistrust to seek good motives to corroborate the commands laid upon one's conscience even by a divine hand? As for myself, I see naught but respect in such an attitude. Let us then examine some good reasons for loving one's enemies.

There are two very distinct classes of enemies:—those whom we hate and those who hate us in turn. For if there are those who wish us evil, without reciprocation on our part, the conditions of the commandment are met, and it were useless to argue further. Those whom we hate without their knowledge, oftentimes, are in the first place our antipathies. Antipathy is a form of enmity very prevalent. We permit it and agree to it without objection. It is in bad taste to discuss it. "I do not like him, I can't bear him." A strong reason, indeed, for hatred! Yet when this feeling is experienced, how clearly do we realize its force! I find it, I dare confess, peremptory and irresistible. If one has other reasons for hatred than antipathy, his cause is generally lost in advance. One annihilates it even in striving to build it up before our clear vision.

Is antipathy intelligent, generous? It is neither. Such a motive for hatred is base, absurd, small beyond all expression. Are you generous? I believe it; for while the common passions not in the foreground, generosity slumbers always in a corner of the heart. If you are generous, the manifestation of your antipathies should be stifled at the least reflection.

For instance, here is a person whom you do not love. He is deprived of the privilege of distinction, for I suppose your friendship desirable. Not only do you prevent his enjoyment of this advantage, but you wrong him by not permitting him to possess it. Weigh the situation with me! Suppose you have no reason for your dislike of a person except an antipathy experienced toward him. This should give him, in your fair opinion, an advantage over all others. You should bestow upon him in your judgments a larger charity than nature would dictate, for fear of being partial. And thus behold, recommended to your thoughtful generosity, the victims of your blind impulses.

We hate others who are innocent of blame

toward us. Try this motive. We bear them ill-will, because we have wronged them. If this seems to you an insufficient reason, you do not know the human heart. It is one of the best, by which I do not mean one of the most just, but one of the most active reasons. To have wronged any one, is to have contracted a debt toward him. The face of a creditor is not loved; for they are creditors, all those whom we have bruised, offended, frustrated. We hate them for that which we have made them suffer; it is hideous, but logical. As an effect of the same logic, one loves those to whom he has shown a favor. We are all familiar with the character in comedy who was always accompanied by a young man whom he had saved from danger. The danger was imaginary, but the peasant's pride was genuine. He showered with attentions and flatteries this youth, the living witness of his courage. He loved himself in him. So we hate in certain people the evil which we have inflicted upon them and which their presence, like a perpetual remorse, preserves in our memory.

Here then, my brethren, are men who have sacred rights to all kinds of reparation, and Jesus rightly claims for them a place in our hearts. This is but justice.

Let us now consider those who hate us. One question before all. Have they reason? If they have reasons for hating us, we are wrong not to understand them. In this world, the good are, in our eyes, those who approve, who appreciate us. The wicked those who reprove our acts and our character. A simple method, but iniquitous and, for us, perilous. It may be that we have as enemies honest people, revolted by our ideas and character. Certainly, they do wrong to hate us. But why return their hatred, instead of deriving benefit from their reproof by amending our lives? Should we not be grateful to them for a service which a friend often has not the courage to render? Still, we all know it is easier to love our friends for their faults and their complaisance, than our enemies for their courage and their good qualities.

King David has left us an example which we might well emulate. One day, a passer-by threw stones at him. Immediately, the royal suite counselled revenge and began to ill-treat the poor fellow. "Leave the man in peace," said the king, "it is the Eternal God who has ordered him to throw stones at me." Thus should we reason when some fall in our garden. They are often so well merited!

An excellent way to become charitable toward those who think evil of us is to consider that every human being resembles somewhat those mountains having a northern and a southern slope. At midday, warm airs and a smiling sky. One dwells there with delight, and, as the birds sing the marvelous beauty of the landscape, our friends lodged on the blissful site, chant our praises. It is natural and right that they should do so. But why sing in chorus with those whom we relegate to the shadows, forced to follow cold and foggy paths from which the snow never vanishes? In such inhospitable regions they

draw their cloaks about them and say: "It is so disagreeable here." I can understand them. But, truly, to hate them from such a motive as this is the summit of injustice.

Let us now admit that we have found objects of love in all those who have passed in review. But there are those to come who do not resemble them. I refer to spiteful enemies, evil-doers, who detest us for our attachment to good causes, who outrage and persecute us. I am thinking of those who torture us, lie in wait for our destruction and are the bitterness and the poison of our days. To whom can one seriously propose to love such as these? Can one love destructive plagues, fraternize with the pest, invite yellow fever to one's table? I agree with you; for that only is reasonable which can be supported by reason. However, Christ has constituted no exception. If then, such as these are execrable, without merit or right, if one ought even to flee contact with them, what motive remains for loving them? Is it not their wickedness? What a misfortune to be so wicked! Keep also another motive: you love many an unworthy son, because his father was your friend. The memory of a past treasured by your heart awakens your sympathy for these degenerate children. The worst enemies, vowed to your destruction, are they not sons, lost without doubt, but still the sons of a Father, who has covered you with benefits? If then, you can not love them for themselves, love them in memory of the Father.

Just here arises a weighty objection. The effort to love one's enemy is not beyond one's powers. With the help of God one can attain to it. But is the effort beneficial? Is the mental condition to which this affection leads, desirable? To love one's enemy, does this fortify one for the right? Loving thus, does not one risk weakening and losing his energy for the great combat against iniquity?

This objection merits your whole attention. It has a spacious appearance. But has it depth? This is what we must ascertain.

To combat evil is one of the essential functions of life. All that which renders us less capable of doing so, is morally doubtful. In this combat, what are the principal conditions? A clear vision and justice. How can a blind man strike sure blows? How can an unjust combatant aid a just cause? For personal hate deprives one of clarity of vision. It is certainly true that personal hostility mingles a troublesome element in the struggle for good causes, and is often the only reason for failure. If St. Paul said in tones vibrating with earnestness and courageous indignation, "Hate evil," it is necessary to remember that hatred of evil is lessened by every throb of hate directed toward the enemy, however wicked. Men who preach hatred, hatred of party, of class, are powerless for real good. They compromise their cause by their fury, strike wildly here and there and fall at last into the trap of the adversary. If it is in the name of human progress that they pretend to be struggling, they only retard it. Their weapons are comparable to those unclean surgical instruments, which poison the sores instead of healing them. More than any other, one must shelter one's

soul against religious hatreds. These pious passions are incompatible with a good life. Offered to God for the purpose of combating error and avenging its quarrels, they are downright blasphemies. Could efforts reproved by conscience, when put to personal service, be sanctified when the cause of God and His Kingdom is concerned? To subjugate personal animosities; for one's own sake to be clement and large-hearted, but, when it concerns God and His cause, to become intractable, what more abominable machination of the old man in us? We would expel him everywhere else to permit him to recover his power in the place of honor, by replacing the art of avenging ourselves by that of pointing a sacred text and burying it like a poignard in the hearts of those whom we consider enemies of God. It is upon such deeds that from age to age flames the lightning of these words: "Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

If you fight on the side of God, make use of His strategy. It is to be found all complete in this sublime text: "For He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." That is to say in other words that He is always and everywhere the Father. Let us then in all our struggles remain brethren. The ruffian is not the type of the true combatant, that type is the chevalier. Even after the rudest battles, he stretches out his hand to his adversary. That grasp of the hand is a sign that humanity in us should dominate the fury of our encounters, however fierce. And this is the true point of view.

The man full of hate, the sacred or profane fanatic, sees enemies everywhere; he is always in an aggressive mood. In his self-imposed combativeness he even comes to resemble the enraged house-mastiff, charged with guarding the abode from thieves and who, when night comes, leaps at the throat of his master.

The charitable man goes into the combat with decision, but he cherishes regret that he must attack a brother, nourishes a hope that from this encounter peace shall come. He spares and respects in the adversary of today the possible friend of tomorrow. Under the dominance of these despositions, a first and very happy discovery is often reserved for him, it is that he disposes himself to chance upon an ally. The greater part of our quarrels, large or small, rage among people who should have a thousand good reasons for being friends. They hate, decimate and persecute each other on the ground of simple misunderstanding. Christ had good reason to say: "Love your enemies," since in hearing these words we perceive that the majority of them, though regarded as such, are not enemies at all. No, to love one's enemy is not a source of weakness, nor an effect of ignorance of natural law and the condition of life's combat. It is a source of power and is the view of the struggle and its goal, which inspires and uplifts the entire being.

We have a responsibility even toward our enemies and just here behold the highest culmination of the sum of all the other reasons which recommend them to our good-will. If

any member of the body does not feel pain when the others suffer, it is benumbed or paralyzed. When sensibility returns to the threatened member, the body resumes its normal tone. Hatred of one's enemy is to be likened to the presence in the body of a paralyzed member. The day when this member, and that which concerns it, excites your interest as being a part of yourself, you are snatched for the time being from the menace of death.

Love is a life-giving force. Hate a power unto death, who can ever tell the deformities, the wounds which it inflicts upon our poor hearts! To live in its atmosphere is to stagnate in vitiated air, to mortify in the midst of corrosive mixtures. From this peril, Jesus wishes to deliver us. To love our enemies is to see our prison walls and the chains of our servitude fall. To love our enemies is to see the gates of a new world open; it is to implant in the heart the pledge of definite victory over evil. The love of one's enemy has a consoling virtue. Under the blows of the executioner, under the eyes of His persecutors, Christ including in one supreme thought the blind instruments of His suffering and their inspirers—a thousand times more culpable, made this prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Did He by this petition accomplish only an act of clemency and pity? No, he left in the hour of His death, of His absolute defeat, the witness of future victory, certain, without end. His prayer was a veritable pardon, for He foresaw that day of God, when all His enemies should be conquered, not according to the sentiments of the text: "Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool," which shows evil intention dormant even in the hour of mine; but vanquished by love, restored, reconciled, bought with a price. He foresaw the eternal hour when there would be no more heart-rendings, neither battles, nor unrestrained rage, but joy and peace in the Father's house among all the sons at last united.

Love your enemies!

Never will our eyes be able to fathom what intensity of internal light and conquering goodness the admonition contains, becoming upon the lips of Christ a true cry of the heart. The joy of a divine secret, first discovered, then lived, quivers there. Let the contagion of this joy steal into our hearts, and soon upon those heights, as the disciples on Mt. Tabor, we shall say: "Lord, it is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us build here our tabernacles."

C. WAGNER.

(Translated from the French by L. M. Duval.)

Pulpit Power and Eloquence or the One Hundred Best Sermons of the 19th Century (2d edition) has taken its place as the best collection of sermons published. Volume 2 of *Pulpit Power and Eloquence* will contain 90 or more sermons. These books are the cream of sermon production, and each contain sermons abreast of the times. Read one sermon a week and your respect and admiration of your calling will increase, and it will strike your mental flint till a shower of sparks start. See page 68.

(Continued from page 101.)

same way. There are thousands and thousands of people brought to a spirit of thankfulness, which really is a spirit of conversion, by outward external influences. We are not consequently to throw aside all these things and say they have nothing to do with God. The blood of Jesus Christ, "the life of Jesus Christ," may be applied in its cleansing and healing externally. So, I say, we may use this Thanksgiving season externally to get into the "spirit of thankfulness," which is a necessity in order to be a real Christian. We can begin by studying externally, counting our blessings. It is a good thing for a man to sit down and study what God has done for him, and from these externals draw in the spirit of Christ until it moves upon his heart and thus brings the soul into full communion with Christ.

II. It is a good thing once a year to count up the blessings of God. Let us not undertake that; although it be the least effective of the different methods. But the best method is to bring the cleansing life and blood of Jesus Christ into the heart internally. There are methods of easing the heart by massage when it beats rapidly, when it leaps in the breast from some disease. Applications externally may soothe and even cure. But there is no known application so good as an internal dose of digitalis. There is nothing that will act so quickly, so permanently upon the heart as something taken within. So the blood of Jesus Christ used for the cleansing of our souls can best be taken in internal doses. So I say, if we would be thankful on this Thanksgiving Day and have a thanksgiving that is an acceptable offering to God, we need that the very heart should be thankful; that the soul should be in a very natural spirit of thanksgiving. Let not this Thanksgiving Day go until your soul is changed and cleansed through the presence in you of the "life" of Jesus Christ. I believe this is the best plan.

You know they tried to make the City of Salt Lake clean at first by the use of brooms and the application of the ordinary methods. But in all the corners, between all the muddy cobblestones, would collect the dangerous disease germs, and Salt Lake City was a very unhealthy place: on one side the desert, on the other side the dark caverns and canyons. They went at last to the great fountains in the mountains and turned the water into the streets. That was the best way to cleanse Salt Lake City. They went right to the fountain. They could have cleansed it, perhaps, by disinfectants, if they had had money enough to pay for them. They might have filtered the rain water. But they went direct to the original source, and there turned those waters until they flowed along the side of every street. Not an alley down which there does not turn some bright little brook, and the whole city is cleansed from the fountain.

I believe that the way for the soul to secure the life or blood of Jesus Christ for cleansing may be either way; but the best way, the surest way, is to go right to the fountain. Begin this Thanksgiving Day with your new heart full of thankfulness to God.—Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D.

METHODS OF CHURCH WORK.

AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

At the opening of the church year the Rev. G. W. Arnold, pastor of the United Brethren church at Sulphur Grove, O., sends out the following letter to his church members:

Dear Christian Worker:

In order that we may thoroughly organize all our forces for some definite aggressive Christian work, I hereby submit to you a number of pleasing and helpful means of grace. Will you please look carefully over the list and select those you are willing, by God's help, to do for the glory of Christ? God will abundantly bless those who will "always do the things that please Him" (John 8:29).

I. Prayer. I will—

1. Pray with my family daily.
2. Read the Bible daily, with prayer.
3. Pray in secret daily.
4. Pray in public.
5. Attend the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting.
6. Pray for our pastor and office-bearers.
7. Join a prayer league.
8. Pray definitely for the Holy Spirit.
9. Attend cottage prayer-meetings.
10. Pray definitely for Decision Day and a revival.
11. Pray for the evangelization of the world.

II. Divine Worship. I will—

1. Attend every service when possible.
2. Take some part in every service.
3. Invite my friends and neighbors to church.
4. Visit some of my neighbors each week and invite them to church.
5. Strive to make each service a blessing to my own soul and to others.
6. Contribute of my means for the support of the church.
7. Respond to any duty the church may ask me to do.
8. Do all I can to secure unity and co-operation of all the church forces.
9. Make my church duties and privileges first in all my plans.
10. Strive to increase and improve the influence and power of the church in our community.
11. Carry the sunshine of the gospel to the sick and needy in the community.

III. Sunday School. I will—

1. Join the Sunday School.
2. Attend punctually and regularly.
3. Join in a careful study of the lesson.
4. Pray and work for the success of my class.
5. Try to increase the Sunday School attendance.
6. Teach a Sunday School class.
7. Be a substitute teacher.
8. Join a Teachers' Meeting class.
9. Work in the Home Department.
10. Do house-to-house visiting.
11. Join a Normal class.
12. Join a Sunday School Workers' League.

IV. Choir. I will—

1. Join the choir.
2. Sing for the glory of Christ.
3. Attend the choir meetings regularly.
4. Strive to make the choir a power for good.
5. Be subject to the will of the majority.

V. Personal Work. I will—

1. Join a Personal Workers' class.
2. Join and help sustain a Men's League.
3. Join and help sustain a Women's League.
4. Engage heartily in the work assigned me.
5. I will join the Royal League of the World.
6. I will join a Correspondent's League.

Please indicate by an X the kinds of Christian service named above you are willing to try to do. Sign your name and hand or send to your pastor. Venture on the Lord and see what great things he will do for you. Don't lay this aside as unworthy of your thoughtful consideration. May this be the crowning year of your life.

G. W. ARNOLD.

Dear Pastor—For the glory of Christ and His church, I have indicated the things I will try to do, this conference year, by God's assisting grace.

Name,

A unique publication comes to us from Scottdale, Pa., the Monthly Messenger, published by the Scottdale Ministers' Association. One page is taken by each of the churches, giving the news of each congregation. The September number gives the news and notices of the Presbyterian, United Brethren, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, United Presbyterian, and Lutheran churches. This is practical church unity.

The following plan for evangelistic work is taken from the leaflet just sent out by the Presbyterian General Assembly committee:

A PLAN.

We cannot get up revivals. No amount of ingenuity or skill can produce a real religious awakening; but we may set our sails and take advantage of the wind, and so in these days when God is indicating His willingness to bless us we may at least make ourselves ready for service, and we may lay out plans which possibly He may be pleased to accept; at least He must be pleased with our manifest desire to do something.

Suggested Services.—There are three kinds of service in the church for which plans should be made.

The first is the service conducted by the pastor of the church assisted by his church officers and possibly by his brother ministers.

The second is the service conducted by the evangelist who comes by invitation of the session and the pastor or possibly the united pastors of the community, labors for a given time, then departs to another field leaving the pastors to gather the results.

The third is a service which may be conducted by the pastor assisted by an evangelistic singer. This form of service has been greatly blessed in the year that is just closed.

First.—It is out of the question for us to expect all churches to enter upon some special campaign which may involve the holding of extra meetings; as a matter of fact extra meetings ought not to be necessary. The spiritual tide of the church ought to be sufficiently high to make it easy to win souls at any time and in any service. We do not ask, therefore, if it does not meet with the approval of pastor and session, that extra meetings should be held. We only ask that the church officers and the representatives of the different organizations of the church be called together and the burden laid upon them to win souls, and that they set out to do it.

Classes may be formed for instruction along this line of service; special sermons may be preached; the prayer meeting lecture may be given this practical turn; and the session may be called together more frequently to receive applications for church membership. The very announcement of a session meeting is frequently a special call to the unsaved, where the pastor thus holds a meeting. There is one principle that holds in all forms of evangelistic effort, namely, that the results are as a rule in proportion to the preparation.

There can be no better beginning for a special meeting than that extra prayer services be held in the different homes or in the church, or in both. The preaching must be direct and the praying must be definite. We must expect great things from God and He will not disappoint us. It is a good thing for the pastor to call his spiritually minded people together and confer with them about the unsaved in the congregation. Let them have a list of such unsaved people and pray for them by name. It was once suggested to me that I have in my church such a service as this and I sent out a letter to all the church members saying that I should be glad to join my prayers with them for their unsaved friends if they would write the names of these friends upon the enclosed card and also give their own name as agreeing to pray with me. It was of course understood that this was to be a private matter. As a result of this letter several hundred names were sent to me and more than three hundred people joined the church.

Second.—Where an evangelist is conducting the services it is even more important that special preparation should be made. All that has been said above will apply to this form of evangelistic effort. But it is a good thing to lay responsibility upon other people, and special committees ought to be appointed to assist in the work.

A committee on music, to be responsible for the singing in the meetings, and much will depend upon the character of the music sung.

A committee on advertising, whose duties it should be to keep constantly before the public in every legitimate way the fact of the meetings weeks before they begin and during their continuance.

A committee on finance, whose duty it should be to secure in advance, if possible, a

sufficient sum of money to pay the expenses of the meeting.

A committee on personal work, for it is one thing for the minister to make an impression upon the people to whom he preaches; it is quite another thing to secure results from such a service.

Personally, I do not know anything better to secure this than the Inquirer's Cards. When the cards are used the following may be adopted with profit.

Divide the church into as many divisions as would give one worker for every thirty or forty people. The following diagram represents a section of three rows, thirty-nine seats, the W being the worker who is expected to reach with cards the twenty people enclosed within the lines, the others being reached by assistants who may work from the aisles.

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      0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Aisle. 0 0 0 0 0 0 W 0 0 0 0 0 0  Aisle.
      0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
  
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The following Inquirer's Card has been used with great success:

I have an honest desire henceforth to live a Christian life.

I am willing to follow any light God may give me.

I ask the people of God to pray for me.

Name

Residence

Church or Pastor Preferred

Usher's Name

Decision Card:

Turning from all past sins, and trusting the Lord Jesus Christ for Salvation, I do hereby decide, God helping me, to henceforth lead a Christian life. This I do, freely, fully and forever.

Name

Date

Please hand or send this card to the pastor.

Provide the worker with a few of these cards and it might be well to supply lead pencils. These may be fastened to the cards with a little rubber band. When the sermon has been preached and you are sure there may be an impression, ask the workers to rise and turn quickly to all those who may be sitting near them, offering to them a card which may be in their possession. Explain this card thoroughly to the people before the distribution begins. Sometimes it is wise to sing a hymn softly while the work is being done, and sometimes the pastor may continue to urge upon his hearers the necessity of immediate decision while the work is going on. In some cases it is well to distribute the cards to every one before an explanation is made and then after each one has a card in his hand tell them just what you would like to have them do. The Christians in the congregation might take the card which they have received and use it either in the service or out of it with those who may not be Christians; those who are not members of the church should be urged to at least take this stand.

When the cards have all been collected they may be turned over to the minister and he will have before him a number of names of

people who may be easily approached and in many cases quite as easily won to Christ.

There are two things to remember about the Inquirer's Card:

First.—That it may or may not be a record of a decision, but in any case it is as valuable as if one should sit down in his home and write the minister a letter saying, "I have an earnest desire to live a Christian life. I am willing to follow any light if God will give it to me and I ask the people of God to pray for me." If fifty such letters should be written to a pastor in a day he would think that certainly a great awakening had come to his church.

Second.—The Inquirer's Card is valuable in proportion as it is carefully followed up. It is a rare thing for one who has signed this card to seek out the minister for himself.

Third.—All the suggestions made above may apply to the third form of service where the special assistance is given the pastor by an evangelistic singer. This singer as a rule directs the music of the meeting, sings such solos as may be advisable before the pastor preaches, draws the net after the sermon and directs the operations of the personal workers. In many parts of our church such form of service has been very greatly blessed and it is most heartily commended to the pastors and members of session.

If it should be said by any one that this is too much of human planning, then let us say again that it is only suggestive. It has been blessed of God in other places and all we ask is that there should be such a modification of these plans as may meet the requirements of the individual churches, or that the plan be set aside entirely if anything better may be secured.

There is this final word of caution which it is necessary for us to offer. Do not hasten the work. Many an evangelistic campaign has been useless because it was confined to ten days or two weeks of time when it should have been carried on for at least a month.

Brethren, we appeal to you to do something. God has given our beloved church a glorious opportunity for testimony throughout the world. That the time has come for a great forward movement we confidently believe. We have been sowing the seed for years. Has not the reaping time come?

This leaflet also contains the plan prepared by the Presbytery of New York for evangelistic work in New York City. They suggest in the individual churches use of such methods as "sermons aimed directly at soul-winning," after-meetings, cottage meetings, bands of volunteer workers, Decision Day in the Sunday School, and extension of the Home Department of the Sunday School.

They make a division of the city into twelve districts, recommending union services in each group. Finally they propose a series of meetings in some hall like Cooper Union to attract those who would not go to the churches.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.

The Ram's Horn publishes the following letter from the Rev. Frank G. Smith, of Du-

buque, Iowa, which was written in answer to a letter of inquiry concerning his success in maintaining the interest in the Sunday evening service.

Eleven years ago when I began the ministry I very soon discovered that if I tried to have two services of exactly the same character in the same day, that the second one, the evening service, was not a success. I was not satisfied to go on in that way so I immediately began to try to make the evening service entirely different from the morning service. It is hard to translate that difference into language; in attempting to do so I should say that our morning service is more formal, heavier, more thoughtful; the themes presented in the morning are especially for those who are already professing Christians; they are intended to deepen spiritual life; to broaden religious intelligence; to clarify scriptural interpretation; to inspire Christian practice. While in the evening the themes selected are such as deal with the practical problems of life and are intended to interest people whether they are professing Christians or not; the object being always to lead up to the great truth that the religion of Jesus Christ is the solution of all these problems, and that every life needs, first of all, Christ. The evening service is more bright, brief, brotherly and informal in a sense.

In my present pastorate I have a Men's Club of between two and three hundred members who take special interest in the evening service. They provide for it a printed order of service, provide ushers and welcoming committee and various other details. Best of all, they attend it. Our audience room seats comfortably something over 800; it is always full in the evening unless the weather is very stormy. When the present list of topics is finished I am planning to take up a series on the Ten Commandments, taking one each evening.

To indicate the difference between the morning and evening themes I will add that last year, in the morning, I preached a series of twenty-two sermons upon the general theme, "A Twentieth Century Christian's Theology." This series dealt with the great cardinal doctrines in the light of present day thought; a large audience listened with interest to the entire series. Many expressed their great gratitude for the help received. This year, in the morning, I am presenting a series on the general theme, "Great Hours in the Life of the Master." It, also, is proving very inspiring and uplifting.

Our Sunday evening service is in no sense an entertainment. True, we have splendid special music by a competent choir and inspiring congregational singing by the great congregation, but the central thing in our program is always the message. As to the fruits, I find frequently people coming out of this evening congregation into the regular work of the church. And I find that others who do not do this look to me as their pastor and gain religious as well as ethical help and strength and comfort from this evening service. It is quite unsatisfactory to try to write about this, but I trust these lines may give you some idea of what we are trying to do.

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*ADDITIONAL PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

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VITAL PERSONAL QUESTIONS.

November 1-7.—How has your Christian faith changed since childhood? 1 Cor. 13: 8-13; Heb. 5: 12, 6: 3.

In the form of its expression? In the shifting of emphasis? In its relative importance in your sight?

November 8-14.—What authorities do you recognize in your religious life? 1 Cor 3: 16-23; Phil. 2: 5-16.

The Bible, conscience, Christian consciousness, reason, creeds, the opinion of others, Christ,—how do you rank these in value?

November 15-21.—Why do you think you will live hereafter? Job 14: 13-22; John 14: 1-3, 15-19; 1 Cor. 15: 51-58.

Of various arguments,—the analogy of the seed, the argument from design and evolution; universal adherence of mankind to faith in immortality, the witness of Christ,—which do you consider the most satisfactory?

November 22-28.—What doctrines of Christianity sustain and inspire you most? 1 Cor. 13; 1 Pet. 3: 15.

Are the so-called old truths or the so-called new truths most nourishing and energizing? What truths can you most ardently commend to others?

PRAYER MEETING HINTS.

OPEN IT RIGHT.

If the prayer meeting is opened in a fresh and striking way, it is not likely to run in a rut. Here are a few ways in which the opening may be varied:

- Open with a quartet.
- Open with silent prayer.
- Open with an appropriate solo.
- Open with a series of sentence prayers.
- Open with a blackboard talk on the topic.
- Open directly with some abrupt and striking word about the subject.

Open with an appropriate recitation, rendered by some younger member.

Open with testimonials, reserving your remarks till many others have spoken.

Open with the Bible verses brought out by the members as their testimonies.

Open with the Scripture lesson read by two who will stand before the society and read alternate verses.

Open with a series of Bible verses bearing on the subject, given out before the meeting to a number, who will read in the order in which the slips are numbered.

Open with a Bible reading on the subject, making sure beforehand that the members bring their Bibles. Give out numbered slips containing references, and have them read in the order of the numbers.

In your opening, always seek to touch the highest themes. Remember that novelty is of value only as a stepping-stone to interest. If you can get the interest in an old way, do so. Above all, seek at the very outset of the meeting to obtain Christ's presence in it.—Amos R. Wells.

GOOD THINGS.

In addition to announcements on page 96 of the good things in store for Current Anecdotes readers the coming year, you will be pleased to know that David James Burrell, of the Marble Collegiate Church, N. Y., will contribute a rare selection of sermon illustrations, and in an early number we will present a sermon by Henry Van Dyke.

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